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TO ROBERT FROST for his collected poems the Pulitzer prize for poetry is justly awarded. Mr. Frost is a poet whose worth and reputation grow steadily with each year; his poems are strong, sharp, and unforgettable. He has long been recognized as in the front rank of poets, living or dead, and that recognition is only made more sure by rereading of his works. With the rest of the awards it is, as usual, possible to quarrel violently. Mrs. Barnes's novel, "Years of Grace," is good second-rate work, but since it is concerned with three generations and since it faithfully depicts a corner of the American scene, it is considered to be of prize caliber. Susan Glaspell's "Alison's House" is not nearly so good a play as Mr. Kaufman's "Once in a Lifetime," which is equally concerned with an aspect of American life. But since the latter play is comedy it is evidently not quite suitable for anything so ponderous as a prize. The prize-winning history, Bernadotte E. Schmitt's "The Coming of the War," has already been criticized as heavily partisan and as inferior to Sidney B. Fay's book, and it is only incidentally concerned with American history. The newspaper awards are interesting. That to the Atlanta *Constitution* compliments a paper with a long and honorable tradition of public service; that to Edmund Duffy for his cartoon honors one of the best American newspaper artists, although the prize-winning cartoon is hardly up to Mr. Duffy's average. Mr. Ryckman's editorial on Senator Norris is little more than bad-tempered. Thus the balance wavers from one side to the other, missing good work here, honoring good work there. To be a prize judge is not easy; to be a prize winner is not always glorious. It would seem, however, that the Pulitzer judges this year had distinguished themselves by the mediocrity of their choices.

WITH THE DEFICIT on April 30 at practically $879,000,000, indicating a Treasury shortage for the fiscal year rising to the staggering sum of $1,135,000,000, and no indications of prompt business recovery in sight, the need for tax increases becomes plainer with every passing day. Secretary Mellon is in no such position as that of Philip Snowden, who faced the practical impossibility of raising most of his tax rates farther. On the other hand, our individual income- and estate-tax rates are at an extremely low level, as modern taxes go, and both could be raised without threatening further disturbance to business, however distasteful such action might be to great numbers of individual taxpayers. In view of the existing outlook, there is no valid economic reason for refusing to raise taxes, and there is every reason for raising them; so the Treasury's reiterated determination to recommend no change, but to meet anticipated deficits by increasing the public debt, cannot be defended. It is a purely political move designed to prevent further popular dissatisfaction in the coming Presidential year. We wonder whether the Administration would not be better advised, even politically, to do the honest, straightforward, and fiscally sound thing, instead of trying to play good politics.

WHAT A CHANCE the Democrats missed when they let Alfred E. Smith sell them out by indorsing a protective tariff in the campaign of 1928! If there had been a courageous reaffirmation of the party's historic and economically sound opposition to the protective fraud, how impregnable would have been its position today, with Republican leaders one after another coming forward to the mourners' bench ready to do penance for the Smoot-Hawley abomination. Best Friend Julius Barnes is the latest to follow Messrs. Snell and Atterbury. Beyond the immediate issue of American prosperity, and underlying it, is the larger question of restoring world trade, in order that Europe may not sink deeper in unemployment and misery. An honest free-trade party in the United States would find itself today on the right side of an issue that seems to involve literally the whole future of Western civilization—and by reason of their apostasy the Democrats are in no position even to make effective political capital out of that issue. Truly it sometimes pays to have political principles, even in practical politics!

TYLER DENNETT, one of the foremost students of international relations in this country, has resigned his position as chief of the State Department's Division of Publications to become professor of international relations at Princeton University. His decision to accept the latter

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post was given in the official announcement as his reason for resigning. However, according to Drew Pearson, diplomatic correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun*, the resignation was in fact "inspired partly by the rivalry between two State Department cliques," and "partly by Secretary Stimson's suppression of many important diplomatic notes which previous secretaries of state have published about ten years after they were written as a matter of routine." Mr. Stimson may have been justified by circumstances of which we are not aware in withholding some of this correspondence, but that a man of Mr. Dennett's high standing should resign in protest against this action is a strong indictment of the Stimson policy. More serious is the suggestion that Mr. Dennett felt compelled to step out because of factionalism in the department. There have long been two cliques in this office, one made up mostly of the wealthier "career" diplomats, the other of the permanent department staff, whose rivalry more than once has embarrassed the government in the execution of its foreign policies. Factionalism has driven more than one good man out of the diplomatic service. It now appears to have lost to the government a man who for many years worked quietly and faithfully to bring about a better public understanding of American diplomacy.

TALK OF A WHEAT POOL of international scope that is going on in Europe has not progressed very far, although the signing of the Chadbourne sugar-marketing agreement naturally suggests that the world wheat market might also be brought under some central control. Aside from the difficulty of inducing wheat-growers anywhere to reduce their acreage sufficiently to prevent the production of a huge surplus, it seems unlikely that Canada, the United States, or Argentina can be induced to cut down their exports in order that European producers may have a larger share of the European market. At the recent grain conference at Rome the Argentine representative vigorously resented the charge that overseas importations were the main cause of the European wheat crisis, and the Canadian delegate pointed out that no democratic government could order its farmers to plant so much wheat and no more. The crux of the situation, it is generally recognized, is the huge American surplus, estimated now at some 275,000,000 bushels, and the proposed dumping of 35,000,000 bushels upon world markets by the grain subsidiary of the Federal Farm Board. Russian dumping, too, is an obstacle to price regulation, although fear of the Russian wheat menace will grow less as Russian consumption increases. The whole subject is to be discussed at the wheat conference which meets at London on May 18, and it is entirely possible that something will be done to induce restricted production and point out how cooperative marketing arrangements can be improved. It is acknowledged on all hands that something must be done if the position of the wheat-growers is to experience the prompt improvement so sorely needed.

OHIO'S criminal-syndicalism act has been declared unconstitutional by Judge Walter B. Wanamaker of the Court of Common Pleas of Akron. This is one of the many vicious laws directed against radicalism which were enacted by several State legislatures in that hysterical period of red scares after the war. The Ohio law was designed to curb the Communists and other extremists; in effect it has tended seriously to limit the right of anyone disagreeing with the constituted authorities to give free expression to his opinion. This is the view of Judge Wanamaker. He made it clear in dismissing the indictment against Paul F. Kassay, Goodyear-Zeppelin mechanic, who was charged with having attempted to sabotage the work of building the navy dirigible Akron. Not only is the Ohio law "insufficient to protect the rights of the people of the State, as guaranteed to them by the Constitution," the judge ruled, but the State "has not the right to prohibit the liberty of speech to the extent that mere doctrines, as such, cannot be exchanged and used and considered in the exchange of ideas on the public forum." Pointing out that when carefully examined the charges against Kassay simply accused him of having boasted that he would resort to sabotage, Judge Wanamaker declared that "mere talk, in and of itself alone, unattended with the evil consequences that might reasonably be expected to flow therefrom, cannot be made by law a crime in Ohio." Here is a return to honest and forthright Americanism that is most welcome in this dark time when civil liberties are being threatened on all sides.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS are spreading rapidly. New Jersey has just enacted a law providing that all dependent persons seventy years of age shall receive a dollar a day whether they live in the homes of relatives or in public institutions, and it is expected that the age limit will be reduced to sixty-five years as soon as the plan is in operation. Seventy-five per cent of the cost will be met by the State, the remainder by the counties, administration being left in the hands of county welfare boards. In order to insure the permanency of the pension fund, the State will set up a reserve fund out of the proceeds of inheritance taxes. Agitation for old-age pensions has been active for some years, but the problem of finance proved difficult. The recent death of John T. Dorrance, proprietor of Campbell's Soup, leaving a fortune estimated around $150,000,000, and without leaving a dollar to charity, brought the State a windfall of about $20,000,000 in inheritance taxes and suggested the idea of using the proceeds of such taxes as a reserve to insure the permanency of the pension fund. Mr. Dorrance thus builded better than he knew. There is a dispute between Pennsylvania and New Jersey as to which shall collect the tax. In the hope of becoming a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose directors must be residents of Pennsylvania, Mr. Dorrance had for some years maintained a Pennsylvania home, but he voted in New Jersey and died there, and his will has been probated there. There seems little doubt that New Jersey will be able to establish its claim, and repair an outstanding example of the lack of public generosity in the bestowal of a fortune that runs up into the hundreds of millions.

A PARIS CABLEGRAM to the New York *Herald Tribune* asserts that "France has decided to negotiate a commercial agreement with Russia to start trade with the Soviets on a larger scale." While the correspondent is careful to point out that the negotiations "are likely to be slow and laborious," and may eventually prove fruitless, the suggestion that France is even thinking of taking such action is interesting in view of that country's long-standing antagonism toward Soviet Russia. The post-war foreign policy of

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France has been largely based upon this antipathetic attitude; French assistance to the Little Entente countries and Poland has been undertaken as much with a view to strengthening them as buffer states against possible Russian expansion into Western Europe as it has been to use them as pawns in preserving the European status quo; most of the proposals brought out since 1918 to erect a *cordon sanitaire* about Russia have emanated from Paris. Today, however, with France engulfed in the world-wide economic depression as are all of its neighbors, that country likewise must look where it can for the foreign markets it needs. It has seen much of Russia's trade going to Germany and Italy; it has seen its own people buying Russian goods, despite all the anti-dumping barriers it has raised, without at the same time being able to dispose of French products in the Soviet Union. It would not be entirely surprising if Paris should seek to come to terms with Moscow on the question of their commercial relations.

WITH THE ADVENT of warmer weather China again is moving toward civil warfare. Several of the southern provinces, including Kwangtung, of which Canton is the principal city, have joined the Kwangsi rebels in declaring their independence of the Nationalist Government sitting in Nanking. In reality this means that the war lords of the south have tired of giving lip service to Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalist group, which is all their allegiance amounted to, and are now preparing to challenge Marshal Chiang for control of the potentially wealthy Yangtze valley. According to Shanghai dispatches, the Cantonese troops are already "moving northward." American diplomats in China have been hoping against hope that the country would settle down to a period of peace. They have felt that a few years of quiet would do more to help China economically, and incidentally to revive China as a market for American goods, than could any kind of silver or other loan; but apparently the war lords are not yet prepared to do themselves and the American manufacturers that favor.

ANOTHER DICTATORSHIP has, to all appearances, been brought into existence in Europe, this time without any advance publicity of a bombastic or chauvinistic nature. King Carol of Rumania has heatedly denied that he and Premier Nicolas Jorga have laid the groundwork for a new government patterned after the Italian Fascist regime, as charged by Julio Maniu, former Premier and leader of the majority party in Parliament. Nevertheless, recent political developments point strongly to the creation of such a dictatorship. Julio Maniu resigned last October, but his Cabinet was continued in office under the premiership of George Mironescu. The Mironescu Government lasted until April, when it fell, according to report, because of pressure from the monarch. Nicolas Titulescu, Minister to Great Britain, then undertook to form a coalition Cabinet, but his failure to include M. Argetoianu, close friend of Carol and a sworn foe of parliamentary government, caused Carol to refuse to accept the Cabinet. In Titulescu's place the King named Jorga, his boyhood tutor and an educator rather than a politician, who promptly selected Argetoianu as Foreign Minister and Minister of Finance. One of the first acts of Jorga was to dissolve Parliament, which Maniu's National Peasant Party controlled by an overwhelming majority. Jorga did not even wait for a vote of non-confidence, which surely would have been forthcoming. He then announced that new elections would be held early in June, adding, according to the New York *Times,* that 60 per cent of the seats in Parliament "will be reserved for representatives of non-political professional organizations and supporters of the government," the remainder going to the parties that will agree to the conditions of the election as laid down by the government. Here certainly is the framework of a dictatorship. Whether the Rumanian people will welcome it remains to be seen.

AT LAST a really significant student demonstration in one of our American institutions of higher learning, and our faith in the colleges is restored. The students of St. Lawrence University, incensed at the calling off of the upper-class "paddling bee" for freshmen, presented an ultimatum demanding the extension of time for parties until 2:30 a.m. and the abolition of a ruling "forbidding the parking of girls on fraternity porches during the daytime," and threatening, if these demands were not complied with, to call a strike "against all extra-curricular activities." Here are real issues and a threat of real action. Let those who despair of American students note the incident and take courage; for the spirit of Lexington and Bunker Hill is not dead. Consider a strike against all extra-curricular activities with the baseball season nearing its culmination and outdoor theatricals and Commencement festivities approaching! The blood in the snow at Valley Forge becomes pale pink by comparison, and Gandhi's non-resistance movement in India appears like a Sunday-school picnic. Owen D. Young to the rescue! Let not this threatened sacrifice of our dauntless young heroes become a grisly reality!

THE CAREER of the late George F. Baker, one of our greatest American capitalists, who died on May 2 at the age of ninety-one, was synonymous with the tremendous capitalistic development of modern America. Always modest and unassuming, never willing to make a public address, he came to New York practically without means, and through the success of the First National Bank over which he presided, together with most powerful connections in the financial world, he amassed one of the greatest American fortunes. If it is right and just for a single man to obtain such means and power, the country was probably fortunate to count him among its leaders, for his personal life was blameless, his modesty incomparable, his industry unfailing, his generosity without bounds—far greater than most people realize because so many of his benefactions were anonymous. That his business methods were sometimes challenged deeply pained him and his friends and others who honored his personal integrity. It is a fact that he simply profited by the methods and opportunities of his time; his business life was so long that when new standards and new ideals began to appear, it was naturally hard for him and his generation to adapt themselves to them, or to reconcile themselves to criticisms of policies which had for many years not only gone unchallenged, but had seemed to be of the utmost value to the country and to society. He will be long remembered as one of the ablest, most conservative, and most successful of American bankers.

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Business on the Defensive

WITH the Chamber of Commerce of the United States meeting at Atlantic City on April 29 and the International Chamber of Commerce opening its sessions at Washington five days later, the public has had an unusually good chance to learn something of the best business thought about the present depression and what is to be done about it. Business leaders plainly realize more clearly than they did a year ago the threat to their control of our social arrangements that is involved in a continuance of present conditions. Professor Wesley C. Mitchell, in discussing at Atlantic City the necessity for business stabilization, declared, according to press reports, that unless business begins improving soon, "angry discontent will spread rapidly; changes will be demanded and some of them will be put into effect." This moderate professorial statement reflects a view that is plainly becoming rather widespread among thoughtful business men, and the Atlantic City discussions give plenty of proof of this.

The new attitude of business men toward unemployment insurance offers one of the plainest examples. For years students have pointed to the growing insecurity of American life as one of the greatest weaknesses of our present organization; but while the years of prosperity continued there was no effective interest in the matter, and business leaders paid almost no attention to it. Security yielded no profits. At Atlantic City things were changed. No one, apparently, wanted compulsory insurance against unemployment, and it was attacked from many angles. Yet despite all criticisms and objections, the conviction appeared widespread that unless industry itself initiated measures of security on a voluntary basis, government action was inevitable. Edward A. Filene pointed out that at least twenty State legislatures have the matter of insurance under consideration, and other speakers agreed that the present depression is creating an irresistible demand for action of some kind.

The same point of view was apparent in other discussions. According to press reports, "the keynote of the many addresses which concerned the need for industrial stabilization was that it was industry's problem to integrate production and consumption and set its house in order rapidly to avert threatened political action." Various speakers advocated the budgeting of production, the organization of industries separately, and the coordination of industries with one another so as to prevent undue expansion and recurring crises. Our business men, as a means of protecting themselves and maintaining their dominant position in our present society, seem to be feeling their way toward a "planned economy" such as has been advocated with increasing frequency by students during recent years. In order to be free to carry out joint plans they are demanding the repeal or modification of the anti-trust laws and other measures that have been enacted to protect the body of the people from the dangers of monopoly. They are unlikely to meet with great success in such efforts until they can guarantee greater public benefits than have yet appeared from giving industry a free hand, which it has used in the past primarily to increase its own profits.

In the international field business faces staggering problems of another kind, and the Washington meeting needs the uttermost of industrial statesmanship. In his address of welcome President Hoover dealt exclusively with disarmament, thus serving notice on the conference that our government was not officially interested in the commercial and financial questions that are agitating every thinking mind. But despite official discouragement the business men were bound to discuss those questions.

Tariffs strangle trade, and peoples are standing idle and going hungry because of inability to buy and sell goods. The only remedy for the situation that politicians can devise is to raise the tariffs higher and strangle trade more completely. But the politicians are not responsible for the tariffs. They enact those measures in response to the demands of blackjacking business interests seeking their own immediate advantage at whatever cost to the general well-being. In the mad surge of nationalistic feeling during the war and the years that succeeded it, we completely forgot the commonplace fact that the very existence of modern peoples is based on their ability to buy and sell, and the Europeans have engaged in a process of mutual starvation by making it progressively more difficult for one another to carry on trade. The United States, fortunate beyond all others, was for years apparently free of the disasters that it helped bring on the rest of the world; today it too is in the depths of the depression.

But tariffs are only part of the story. The financial equilibrium necessary to orderly and regular trade was completely upset by the enormous changes brought about by the war, whereby the United States was suddenly transformed into the world's leading creditor nation. Not only were huge new commercial obligations created, but the world was left with a heritage of government debts and reparation payments that have hung like a millstone around its neck during all the period since the armistice. During all these years political jealousies and war-born hatreds have blocked successive efforts at adjustment and settlement in Europe, and the United States has refused to use its tremendous power to help bring about a state of affairs in which people might once more work and live. Instead, it has insisted on the payments which its debtors have ultimately wrung out of the German people. Instead of reconciliation has come further misunderstanding; instead of good-will, hatred. As this development has gone on, the task of business has become harder and harder, until now trade has gone down in a disastrous crash that stopped the plow in the furrow and brought to a standstill the wheels in the factories. Are the business men of the Western world capable of meeting this situation? Will they put on political leaders the pressure necessary if anything effective is to be done? The prompt reduction of tariffs, the readjustment of debts and reparation payments, the provision of international control of gold and materials and markets — are matters such as these beyond the understanding and competence of the men who today direct business in the United States and Europe? If so, the outlook is dark for the industrial order they represent.

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The Naval Crisis

THE deadlock that has been reached in the negotiations between Great Britain, France, and Italy leaves the whole question of naval reduction and limitation in a highly perilous position. When Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Secretary, intervened some months ago in the Franco-Italian controversy, it was with the hope of inducing France and Italy to accept a compromise that would keep the vexatious issue of naval parity in abeyance until 1936, when the London naval treaty comes up for reconsideration. The accord which was announced at the beginning of March was understood to have accomplished this purpose, and there was considerable felicitation of Mr. Henderson, M. Briand, Signor Grandi, and others for the amicable way in which they had dealt with the matter and for their success in clearing the path for the general disarmament conference in 1932.

Unfortunately for Mr. Henderson's diplomatic reputation and the world's peace of mind, the Italian government was not informed of a French claim which, if it were conceded, would not only insure to France practically all the tonnage superiority over Italy that it had insisted upon having, but also upset the balance of naval strength that the London negotiators had labored to arrange. What France claims is the right to begin in 1934, 1935, and 1936 the construction of tonnage which it would be entitled to have after the latter date to replace tonnage then obsolete, the total of such replacement aggregating some 66,000 tons. The French aver that there was never any secret about this demand; the Italians declare that they never heard of it until a few weeks ago, long after Mr. Henderson had announced that all was well; while as for Mr. Henderson, it is not denied that he knew of it but for some unaccountable reason failed to mention it when he was at Rome.

The mere announcement of the French claim was sufficient to transform the March accord into no accord at all. It was pointed out that if France were allowed to begin its replacement construction by 1934, its superiority to Italy after 1936 would consist almost wholly of new tonnage, whereas its present tonnage excess is mainly old. The British government promptly repudiated the French claim, and let it be known that if the program were carried out the "escalator" provision of the London treaty would probably have to be invoked to keep the British navy from being outclassed. The Italian government stands firmly with Great Britain, rightly insisting that disarmament means less building, not more. Various compromises, of course, have been talked of, but none of them appears to be more than a mere device for fending off a definite decision, and none meets with any real favor in France.

The resulting situation is serious in the extreme. The MacDonald Government is in no position to make further concessions even if it were disposed to do so, since any move in that direction would invite a Conservative attack which a very large section of British opinion, inveterately sensitive about "the fleet" no matter what the party alignment may be, would unquestionably support. French opinion, on the other hand, averse from the outset to conceding anything to Italy and well aware that no disarmament conference would be likely to approve the French demands, is stirred to resentment at what it regards as a denial by Great Britain of a fundamental French right, and the near approach of a presidential election in which M. Briand may be a candidate makes the great French pacifier discreetly cautious.

The reported feeling of the Washington Administration that the dispute is not serious, and that in any event it concerns Europe and not the United States, is mischievous camouflage. Irrespective of whether a Franco-Italian accord should be regarded as a supplement to the London treaty or as an independent arrangement, it is clear that if there is no accord and Great Britain proceeds to build, the old naval-armament race will be on and the "big-navy" forces, in Congress and out, will move heaven and earth to bring the United States into the competition. There is only too much reason for fearing that Mr. Hoover is in favor of building up to the limits set by the London conference and that the next Congress will be asked to vote the money. Once that policy is officially launched, we shall be well on our way with preparations for the next war.

Governor and Tiger

THE City Club of New York on March 7 presented to Governor Roosevelt charges against the District Attorney of New York County of incompetence, ineffectiveness, and futility in the conduct of his office. These charges made up a document less than 1,000 words in length, and contained the following sentences, after the general introduction:

> Without limiting the generality of the foregoing charges, your petitioners specify thereunder the following:
>
> A. He has been guilty of misfeasance of office in failing to prosecute persons whom a diligent public officer would have prosecuted.
>
> B. He has failed to enforce the criminal law against persons evidence of whose criminality has been adduced in the investigation of the magistrates' courts. . . .

At no subsequent point in the charges were these two accusations elaborated. Nevertheless, the Governor, without such elaboration, and considering the charges sufficiently serious to warrant immediate action, took that action on the following day by appointing Samuel Seabury commissioner to investigate them.

On March 17 the City Affairs Committee preferred charges against Mayor Walker. These charges, verbally five times as long as those made against Mr. Crain and easily ten times as detailed, were acted on by the Governor not after a day but after six days, when he sent them to Mayor Walker for reply. The reply was made public a month later, on April 21, and after another week the Governor dismissed the charges against the Mayor in a statement that, among other things, said: "The present charges are so general in character . . . that I hesitated as to whether I should take any action on them at all." The Governor found no such need for hesitation in considering the charges against District Attorney Crain, and since his behavior in the two cases has been so different, one may ask why.

The Tammany Hall rulers of New York have been under fire for months; the Governor of New York has been urged to do something about it; but after all the Governor

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of New York State can personally do little to eliminate graft and corruption in the city of New York. It is true that the charter has conferred upon the Executive certain powers of investigation, but the initiative is rarely expected to come from him individually, unless he is petitioned to act to set aside the principle of home rule in municipal affairs or the legislature itself empowers him in a given case. As it is, the Governor has been quick to act in the matter of the District Attorney. Mr. Crain was being criticized on every hand for doing nothing and doing that badly. The lesser game in this case plainly offered the greater and easier prey. Mr. Curry, personal friend of the District Attorney as well as leader of Tammany Hall, grumbled at first and was particularly disgruntled by the choice of Judge Seabury to conduct the investigation. But Tammany is a practical political organization. When the charges against the Mayor were filed, it began to feel less keenly about Mr. Crain's jeopardy; it knows well that goats can have their value.

As for Mayor Walker, far from being a goat he is Tammany's darling. He is not one of those sometimes troublesome Al Smiths who on occasion desire the Tiger to reform. He is regular; he runs the business of the city in the time-honored Tammany way. There is not the slightest desire to sacrifice him. No one else could be so eminently satisfactory. Any effort to disturb him was therefore bound to bring down upon all who participated in it the wrath of Tammany Hall. Hence it is extremely regrettable that the Governor has by his action in both cases placed himself in a position where multitudes are bound to believe that his political ambitions dictated the courses he has pursued. He has lately openly entered the lists as candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination by giving permission for the formation of Roosevelt-for-President clubs. It was plainly of the utmost importance that he should take no step which might be construed as being influenced by the thought of the votes that the Tammany Hall delegation will cast in the next Democratic Presidential convention. Had there been no other alternative course as to the charges against Mayor Walker, such impressions could not have arisen. But there were other courses open to the Governor, even if he could see, what we cannot, that there was some genuine difference between the vagueness of the charges against Mr. Crain and those formulated against the Mayor.

There was no need for Governor Roosevelt summarily to dismiss Mayor Walker. He had the machinery for investigation of the Mayor and of the Mayor's conduct of office ready to hand, in the form of the legislative committee which Judge Seabury heads. He might quite properly have refused to act at all on the Walker charges; the fact that he sent them to the Mayor the day before the legislature voted the investigation makes no difference. He might quite properly have turned the matter over to the Seabury committee for investigation; he might have returned the charges to their authors, declaring that it was no longer incumbent upon him to act since the investigating committee was actually sitting. Instead, he took a step which must pain deeply his warmest friends. For he has played directly into Tammany's hands, so that Mr. Curry has said of his action: "It is but another vindication of Mayor Walker's splendid and unparalleled record." In consequence, the Governor himself today occupies a most unenviable position and will find himself faced with the charge of playing politics.

Edwin A. Alderman

THE turn of the century found Edwin A. Alderman president of the University of North Carolina, from which he went to the headship of Tulane University in New Orleans, to be quickly called to lead the University of Virginia. More important than that, he was one of the group of men who in 1900 determined to bring about a new era in education in the backward Southern States to which they were so loyally devoted. With Governor Charles B. Aycock, Charles D. McIver, and numerous others in North Carolina and other States, he was ready for the undertaking begun from the North by Robert C. Ogden, Walter Page, and J. L. M. Curry, which with the aid of the Rockefellers resulted in the formation of the Southern Education and General Education Boards. He was regularly a member of those "excursions into ennobling experiences" which from 1901 to 1906 were made possible by the generosity, the tact, and the talent for headship of Mr. Ogden.

No one who was present on these occasions could fail to realize that besides being a great leader he was one of the greatest of American orators and one who in later years spoke all too rarely. Here was a man with extraordinary oratorical gifts who refused to exploit them for private profit or personal political advancement. Had he so desired he could have ranked as high as his great personal friend Woodrow Wilson, for whom he kept to the end a profound admiration, and to whom he paid a magnificent tribute, by invitation of Congress, in the Capitol on December 15, 1924, when he called Mr. Wilson the "one undaunted advocate of hope for a successful world." To the rare beauty, the vision and stylistic charm of his discourses, he added a natural spontaneous humor and a wealth of humorous stories, which was also so characteristic of Woodrow Wilson. Not even Mr. Wilson, however, found stories more to the point or more apt for driving home an argument or enforcing a moral. For example, no one could forget the joy with which he told of his admiration for a certain man who, on being tarred, feathered, and ridden out of town on a rail, calmly remarked: "You know if it hadn't been for the distinction of the thing I *really* would have preferred to walk."

For twenty-seven years Dr. Alderman as president guided the evolution of the University of Virginia from a small but distinguished college into the great, diversified institution that it is today. Through him there came large gifts for its physical development. Through him its small circle of distinguished scholars was steadily enlarged. Yet the changes, often far-reaching, usually came without hurt feelings, as if naturally and easily. It is characteristic of the modesty and simplicity of the man that he refused to obtain for himself as the executive a fine modern office building, but preferred instead a couple of exquisite rooms in one of the buildings dating from Jefferson's days. There he toiled unceasingly, not a radical in education, but none the less open to new ideas, and well aware that in a university as elsewhere stagnation means death. To an extraordinary degree he had the affection and regard of undergraduates, graduates, and faculty, and indeed of the entire State and of the collegiate world everywhere. A great, a useful, and an unselfish career is at an end.

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I Work for Russia

I. State Trust and Five-Year Plan*

By WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER

MUCH has been written and spoken concerning the Five-Year Plan. Will it succeed? Will it fail? Equal attention has been given to dumping, convict and forced labor, communism versus capitalism, trade menaces, in fact to every possible aspect of what is perhaps the greatest political, sociological, and industrial experiment the world has ever seen. But how the workmen live, how they pay their bills, how these Russian human beings—people of flesh and blood and not mere abstract ideas—react to this gigantic experiment, how they work, how they obtain their food and clothing, what their amusements are, what their punishments—these questions have thus far been neglected in discussions of the Soviet Russia of today. Still another set of neglected questions would concern the everyday life of the American engineer in Russia. How does he work, live, eat, obtain his necessities, amuse himself, travel? What are his relations with the heads of his state trust; with the Russian engineers working with or under him? How does he get things done?

It is the purpose of this series of articles to attempt to answer such questions as these; to set down without varnish or veneer the direct personal observations and experiences of an American engineer who has been doing either consulting or supervisory work for a Soviet Russian trust since 1928 and who has spent the greater portion of his time since August, 1929, in the U. S. S. R.

The locale of this account is the Ural district, geographically Asiatic, politically European, temperamentally and climatically Siberian. On the gentle undulating plain forming the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains, fifty-six kilometers east of Sverdlovsk, the capital city of the district (formerly Ekaterinburg, where the Czar and his family were shot), and some two or three hundred kilometers east of a signpost on the Trans-Siberian Railway bearing the words "Europe-Asia" is the station of Bajenova. It is some 2,200 kilometers east of Moscow and is only a local station at which the "express" does not deign to stop. Yet Bajenova, with its sprinkling of peasants' houses, its little "hotel" for the overnight accommodation of staff employees of the trust who must perforce break their journey there, its store-sheds and store-yards, is in reality an important place. It is the gateway through which has poured an ever-increasing stream of one of the world's important commodities—asbestos. North of Bajenova and the Trans-Siberian, thirty-four kilometers by a tiny narrow-gauge railway, lie what are potentially perhaps the world's greatest asbestos deposits; and from Bajenova there already flows east and west, to the value of several million gold rubles annually, a steady stream of asbestos fiber which has been mined from the ground, separated from the waste rock inclosing it, and processed for adaptation to a multitude of uses.

At the northern end of the little narrow-gauge lies the mining community known as Asbest, where are centered the activities of the state trust "Uralasbest" by which the industry is administered. In this community and its vicinity there are today nearly 40,000 people, of whom more than 13,000 are employed in the many ramifications of the trust's work. Chief among these are the mining and milling of the asbestos-bearing rock. Auxiliary thereto are power plants, railway and transport systems, brick factories, foundries, repair shops—all the instruments necessary to carry out a great expansion program involving mechanization and modernization of existing mines and mills, the erection of new plants which are the largest of their type in the world, and, finally, the carrying out of a housing program for this army of workers and their families, with all the civic requirements of hospitals, clinics, primary schools, trade schools, water supply, lighting, fuel, stores, workmen's clubs, recreation centers, theaters, roads, administration buildings, and even a hotel and a geological museum.

Asbest was the laboratory in which my own work on the experiment of the Five-Year Plan took place. I was the only American engineer there. Except for a portion of the time when my wife was with me, there was no other English-speaking person nearer than Sverdlovsk. German was our main working language with the engineers and executives; at the end of six months I had a sufficient grasp of Russian for our other contacts—the details of the language problem will be discussed later. From August through December of 1929 I was observer and consultant; from the following June through January of this year I was an active participant in the work, with a trip out to America in the interim to orient myself and to permit of comparisons upon return. So much, then, for my apologia.

First of all, let us examine the organization and workings of a state trust of the Soviet Union. Later we will investigate the everyday life of the worker in the mines and in the cities, and finally the life of an American engineer living and working under the Soviet regime.

I believe that it is not generally appreciated how closely the organization of a Soviet state trust follows, externally at least, that of a large corporation under the capitalist system. The larger industries approximate in structure and function what is known in the United States as the European cartel. In the first place, many if not most of the Soviet trusts have a share structure. The shares, however, unlike those of corporations under capitalism, are not owned by private individuals or distributed into the hands of the public; they are deposited in toto with the state bank. Any earnings on these shares accrue to the national treasury and are socialized for use in the ultimate betterment of all the people. An American corporation may have two or three hundred thousand stockholders owning on the average only twenty to thirty shares each (is this a form of socialism?). Each stockholder has the right and is able to dispose of or increase his holdings as his wish or his pocket-book dictates.

* The first of a series of six articles. The second, The Individual Plant and the State Trust, will appear in the issue of May 20.—Editor The Nation.

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In the Soviet trust each and every enfranchised member of the entire population is a theoretical shareholder in each and every undertaking and industry comprising the entire national economy under the present regime. There are, in effect, roughly 150,000,000 shareholders in every Soviet state trust.

The state bank may be likened to a trustee with whom the capital stock is deposited. As trustee, the bank votes the stock and collects and dispenses income accruing thereon; likewise, in its capacity of trustee, it is responsible through the Supreme Council of National Economy for the satisfactory and profitable conduct of operations. So, although in what follows there will be evident a close resemblance in form between the state trust in Russia and the corporation of our experience, it becomes immediately obvious that such similarities are merely those of form and external functioning—the objectives are diametrically opposed. Whereas in the capitalistic organization the aim is the enrichment either of a private closed ownership or of a relatively greater number of people who intrust their smaller capital to the management of this or that corporation, in the Soviet trust the one and only object is to produce a commodity which by its production will benefit the entire mass of the Russian people either through supplying some human need and thus raising the standard of living or through making possible an exchange with some other country which can supply a needed product.

It is particularly in this respect that Soviet industry can be said to be socialized. In the detailed structure of the trust usual corporate procedure and organization are followed, from the duties of the officers down to the method of payment of workers. Now, having shown how the trust is socialized, it may be interesting to point out the other outstanding difference between the trust of Soviet Russia and the corporation as we know it. The Soviet trust is nationalized or, better, "rationalized." In other words, the development or operation of any industry in Russia is dictated in minutest detail by the demands of the Five-Year Plan. But contrary to common belief, the tremendous and varied details of the plan as applied to each industry do not originate from Moscow. They are worked out at the point of production and upon completion are forwarded to Moscow for approval or change.

So much has been written concerning the larger phases of present-day Russian economy that I shall point out here only for the sake of emphasis that the plan operates through the Central Planning Commission and the Supreme Council of National Economy (known in Russia by its initials B. C. H. X., pronounced Vay, Ess, En, Cha) to develop natural resources and industries according to a definite, scientific plan so as to yield without waste, duplication, or lack of conservation what has been established as requisite for the national economy.

When, for instance, it was decided to produce asbestos, the Bajenova deposits were chosen for intensive development and rationalization because of their immediate accessibility, the known extent of the deposits, the extent of former development, and the availability of labor, power, and transportation to markets and points of consumption. The mineral is to be found in many districts—in the Caucasus, in Georgia, in Eastern Siberia—but these other deposits will be held in reserve until such time as consumption justifies their development and operation.

Highly centralized and large-scale operations, with attendant efficiency, minimized waste, and reduced overhead, should eventually characterize Soviet trust operations. The mistakes and ills arising from the magnitude of the undertaking and from the lack of experience and precedent have been emphasized, although not exaggerated, by most observers, who have not taken into consideration the fact that in such a stupendous undertaking as the present Russian experiment a certain inefficiency and accompanying lost motion are bound to be evidenced in the initial stages. Should the mistakes and blunders not be eliminated they will multiply and devour; but if, as I suspect, they are being recognized and will be overcome, the ultimate result—perhaps not in the short span of the remaining two years of the plan, but within the life of the present generation—will be a new standard of efficient, planned, and coordinated production.

Each trust may be said to have its head office in Moscow. There has been a recently increasing tendency to group smaller industries under a major division having a natural, common basis of administration. Uralasbest was until last year an independent trust completely administered from Bajenova, the point of production. Now this comparatively small industry has been grouped with the production of other non-metallic minerals, such as magnesite, talc, and chromite, to form a division of the larger and important national trust known as "Mineralrud" (Mineral Ores). Mineralrud has its executive offices in Moscow, administered by a president and three active vice-presidents. The presidents of the trusts, in all cases that I have personally observed, are members of the Communist Party. So also are the two non-technical administrative vice-presidents. The third vice-president is usually an engineer, who may be a party or a non-party man. Usually he is not a member of the party.

It is the function of the head office to confer with the Supreme Council of National Economy and lay down the production norm for each operating unit under its jurisdiction. Likewise the permanent and operating capital required by each is predetermined and supplied through the head office. All production is routed and disposed of through this office. Credit from the proceeds received from sales is allocated by the accounting department to each unit. The amount of imports—material, equipment, technical services—allocated annually to each operation is fixed by the Moscow office on the basis of the amount of exports either contracted for or estimated as probable. In these matters the final word, again, lies with the Supreme Council in conjunction with the state bank and the Central Planning Bureau. All decisions with regard to major policy emanate from the head office in Moscow.

It can be seen therefore that the head office of a Soviet state trust, generally speaking, performs approximately the same functions as the head office of an American corporation —financing, sales, setting up of production norms for individual units, control of major policies, determination of programs of development and capital expenditure, control over expenditures and receipts, criticism of operations, including production costs, and final word on all matters pertaining to technique.

It will be the purpose of the next article to describe the organization and functioning of one of the typical production units forming a division of a Soviet state trust.

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What I Think About

By J. B. S. HALDANE

I AM a fortunate man. The majority of my fellows are engaged in work rather as a means of livelihood than for its own sake. I am a biologist and find my job so interesting that I cannot keep my mind off it out of hours. Today, for example, I have been thinking over three problems. I have been thinking about how ferments work, about the laws of inheritance in dahlias, and about some curious alterations, apparently something like the changing of gear in a motor car, which take place in my nervous system when I go to sleep. They are all of practical importance, the first and third for medicine, the first for chemical industry, and the second for fruit-growing, because the laws of dahlias and apple trees are probably similar.

But if future antiquaries dig up this document, they will find these questions no more exciting than do most readers of the *Daily Express* today. For one of two things will almost certainly have happened. I hope that civilization, and science with it, will have gone on. If so, the excavators will probably be citizens of the world state, and the answers to my problems will be part of general knowledge, as the movements of the planets and the functions of the heart are today. But perhaps we shall have slipped back toward barbarism, and the men of Middlesex will gaze across the Thames from the ruins of north London toward a foreign and hostile Surrey. In that case, too, my questions will not interest them. They will probably be treasure hunters, and uninterested in mere paper.

Now that alternative is one of the things of which I think fairly frequently. For it is quite likely that the fate of our civilization will be decided in the present century. I am intensely interested in the Romans and their forerunners, the Egyptians and the men and women of Mesopotamia whose wonderful works are being unearthed while I write. Rome fell, and the lesson is there for us if we could read it. But we cannot. Some attribute its fall to the provision of free bread and amusements to the poor, forgetting that the Empire survived for nearly five centuries after these doles were instituted. Others believe that Rome should have educated her working classes. They forget that she was conquered by still less educated Goths. But even though I cannot rede these riddles I find this large-scale history far more interesting than the details of more recent years.

Today the old civilization of Europe which we share is adapting itself with some difficulty to the new conditions created by modern industrialism. But it is also threatened by two new types of civilization on its east and west, namely, communism and Americanism, which claim to be improvements on it. Both of these interest me intensely, and I think that we could copy some features of each with advantage. I should like London to have as good operas as New York and as good biological teaching for the average person as Moscow. But I do not desire that London should adopt either of their standards of personal liberty. I follow with immense interest the fierce and sometimes bloody struggles of the American and Russian governments against wets and whites respectively, in which they display a vigor and intolerance to be found only in young and growing civilizations. I am particularly interested in the Five-Year Plan of economic expansion in Russia. If it succeeds it will prove that socialism is a practicable system, and I shall probably live to see some form of socialism adopted in England. If it fails, Russia may revert to capitalism, and socialism all over the world experience a great setback.

I cannot accept the American and Communist ideals because both are too exclusively economic. They agree in taking economic efficiency to be the principal human virtue, even though in one case the benefits go mainly to private individuals, in the other to the state. They are both moving toward the mechanization of life and the standardization of man. Now I am not interested in machinery, and very much so in life. I have not got a motor car or a wireless set, but I have a large and rather beautiful garden. The people who interest me, and with whom I surround myself so far as I can, are not standardized people, but people who do unexpected things, such as carrying messages from Belgium to Holland during the war, and joining a jazz band or the Communist Party.

And the applications of science that interest me are not those to dead matter, on which our economic system is based, but to life. I am interested not only in medicine, but in the attempt to make ordinary people think about their own bodies in a scientific way. Last year about six thousand women died of cancer of the breast in England and Wales. If they had been treated when the first symptoms appeared, at least four-fifths of them would be alive and healthy today. This is only one example out of many. So I think that it is even more important that the general public should learn elementary medicine than the curb-step.

But I find the attempt to apply scientific principles to man in non-medical fields still more enthralling. I am extremely suspicious of most of them. Much of what passes as scientific psychology seems to me profoundly unscientific. The same is true of eugenics, criminology, and many other ologies. The small and cautious army of scientific men and women working in these fields is surrounded by such a horde of vociferous quacks that I can sympathize with the snipers, like Beachcomber, who are fighting a rearguard action against the advance of science. Their verbal missiles generally hit these unwanted allies. But science is advancing. We do know enough psychology to cure some criminals and neurotics, and enough about inheritance to say that some types of feeble-minded should not be allowed to breed. But this does not mean that no criminals should be punished, and no stupid people be permitted to marry. I am interested not only in the progress of science, but in trying to detect the still, small voice of common sense among the shouts of the anti-scientific and pseudo-scientific extremists.

Though not an adherent of any religion, I find religions an absorbing topic. They represent man's attempt to adjust himself intellectually and emotionally to the universe. The intellectual side of this effort interests me mainly because of its fantastic character. The stories of how hundreds of

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millions of people came to believe in the Immaculate Conception, the uncreated Koran, or the spiritual advantages of bathing in the Ganges are fascinating both as history and as psychology. But the emotional side seems to me an altogether more serious affair. If science is not to leave a gap which will inevitably be filled by superstition, man must learn to feel himself a citizen of the universe as depicted by science. Fortunately I know that such a state of mind is possible.

I am less interested than the average person in politics because I am convinced that all the political principles of today are makeshifts, and will ultimately, though not in my time, be replaced by principles based on science. I am a rather lukewarm supporter of the Labor Party because I consider the present distribution of our wealth unjust, and because in certain industries the age of free competition is passing, and I would sooner see a unified industry controlled by the state than by financiers. I am interested in the movements toward larger economic units, such as the British Empire and the European federation, though I hope that these two movements are not mutually exclusive.

I am only moderately interested in modern literature and art. They are largely experiments with technique, and often unsuccessful. At the moment modern French literature, as represented by men like Giraudoux and MacOrlan, interests me more than English. I am not musical, but even I can notice that broadcasting has improved musical taste.

Women interest me, for I am a normal man, but my interest in them is not intellectual. Children, and especially boys, are another matter. The average boy is something of a scientist, and an artist too. We grown-ups do our best to knock such nonsense out of him, and generally succeed. But until this process has been successfully carried out, a fairly bright boy is far more intelligent and far better company than the average adult. I am interested in our increasing knowledge of the child's mental processes, but even more in the attempts which are being made, in the face of ferocious opposition, to teach the child the subject which most children find the most fascinating of all, namely, human biology.

By this I do not mean "sex education," but a knowledge of the child's place in nature, and how his body works. The child represents the hope of humanity. We are not giving our children a fair deal. Many of those who could benefit most from higher education do not get it. Others are given more education than they either want or can assimilate. Hardly any are introduced to the scientific outlook until their minds have been so filled with prescientific ideas as to make scientific thought very difficult. I think that justice for children is even more important than justice for adults.

These are some of the topics which occupy my mind. But as a biologist I realize that all men are different, and I do not offer them as a pattern for others.

Detroit's Liberal Mayor

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Detroit, April 21

OUTSIDE the City Hall were gathered two or three hundred Communists listening to a red-faced, bareheaded man while he earnestly and breathlessly denounced capitalism and all its works. He centered his fire on "that man Murphy, the mouthpiece of the capitalists of this city." The crowd roared its approval; dozens of passers-by stopped to inquire the reason for the applause; the lone policeman in sight shifted his weight wearily from one leg to the other. Inside the Mayor's office, which overlooks the square where the Communists were assembled, sat eight or nine of their representatives. Frank Murphy, Mayor of Detroit, sat with them while they talked. They complained of the food served at the municipal lodging-houses; they argued that the city ought to pay them fifty-five cents an hour during their idleness instead of asking them to work for their board and keep; they demanded that the city policemen be more courteous toward the lodging-house guests; they asked that the order forbidding policemen to play checkers with the guests be rescinded. Mayor Murphy replied briefly but sympathetically, explaining why the city could not comply with their demands. The Communists withdrew, plainly chagrined over their failure to embarrass the Mayor, or to maneuver him into a position of appearing to be an oppressor of the working people.

Detroit has come through the hardest winter in its history without any sign of labor or other disturbances. More than 200,000 men have been without jobs, most of them throughout the cold months. Virtually all the other factory workers have been employed only a few days a week, their incomes being correspondingly reduced. In consequence, unrest and radicalism have spread over the city. It is estimated that there are some 30,000 Communist sympathizers in the Detroit area. Last winter, under Mayor Charles E. Bowles, the police took to clubbing the Communists whenever they appeared in the vicinity of the City Hall; this winter they have been under strict instructions to refrain from molesting Communist meetings.

Despite the opposition of the industrialists, the press, and the politicians, the Mayor has preserved for the oppressed classes their right to use the City Hall steps as a forum from which to criticize or denounce capitalism and the government. (The *Free Press* believes this forum ought to be abolished "out of consideration for the pigeons" which formerly made this square their feeding place.) He overrode opposition from the same quarters in granting the Communists a permit to hold a demonstration in Grand Circus Park on May Day, although the permit had been withheld by his own police commissioner, who feared that the shrubbery might be spoiled. The Mayor has made it a fixed rule to receive anyone and everyone who wishes to see him, and his anteroom is constantly filled with persons of every description waiting to see him, while an overflow from this crowd usually extends even into his private office.

Frank Murphy was elected mayor last fall as a liberal. The sincerity of his liberalism, based on the eighteenth-

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century philosophy of personal freedom, cannot be questioned; he has abided by his faith as far as has been possible in a bank-ridden and corporation-controlled city. He has driven the politicians from the public feed-box; he has given the city an honest and efficient government; and he has thus far carried its people safely through a crisis the end of which is not yet in sight. He has found time with all his municipal duties to take part in the fight against the power trust, against the restoration of capital punishment in Michigan, and against the efforts of some of Detroit's wealthier citizens to push a privilege-grabbing bill through the State legislature.

Nevertheless, Frank Murphy has made mistakes, most of which can be attributed, first, to his political inexperience, and, secondly, to his vague feeling that eighteenth-century liberalism is not enough to solve the problems of this era of machines and mass production. He believes that government should be run by experts. So believing, he has gone to the bankers and business men of Detroit for his official assistants and advisers. In doing this he has laid himself open to criticism, much of it justified, from the few political liberals active in Detroit.

Among his appointees are John Taylor and Mrs. Josephine Gomon, his secretaries, who are known to be sincere liberals; Frank Couzens (son of the United States Senator) and Colonel Sidney D. Waldon, two friends of municipal ownership who were put on the commission that manages the city-owned street railways; James K. Watkins, Rhodes scholar, former corporation lawyer, admitted by Murphy to be a conservative, who was named police commissioner; Joseph Mills, erstwhile purchasing agent for one of the big automobile companies, more recently purchasing agent for the city, and now commissioner of public works; Douglas Dow, son of Alexander Dow, head of the Detroit Edison Company (an Insull-controlled property), who was selected to succeed Mills as city purchasing agent; G. Hall Roosevelt, former General Electric man, later an official of the American State Bank, and now city controller and chairman of the Mayor's Unemployment Committee.

Liberal criticism of the Mayor's appointments is for the most part directed against Roosevelt, Dow, and Watkins, though the liberals point out that all Murphy's major appointees, with three exceptions, are persons formerly connected with banks or corporations notoriously hostile to liberalism of any sort. It is charged that Watkins introduced police censorship, something Detroit had never known, when he ordered a newsstand biography of Al Capone suppressed. Critics fear that this action may prove the opening wedge for the adoption of censorship as a weapon with which to fight labor and the radicals, despite the Mayor's views on the rights of free speech and a free press. Dow's selection is challenged because of his family, which puts him too close to the power trust to suit the liberal opposition. As for Roosevelt, it is frankly asserted that he was named controller because of "the magic of his name." The critics contend that he has been too intimately identified with the power trust and the American State Bank, which failed a few weeks ago under suspicious circumstances, to be an asset to a liberal mayor.

In replying to these charges Mayor Murphy told the writer that he would have been glad to pick his expert assistants from the ranks of the Detroit liberals, but that he found few of them qualified for the positions to be filled. He said that Roosevelt, Dow, and the others were entirely of his own choosing, and that he had undertaken no commitments of a compromising nature by appointing them. Answering the charge that he has been favoring power-trust hirelings, the Mayor pointed out that only a fortnight ago he helped the voters of a nearby town to defeat the attempt of the Detroit Edison to buy the community-owned power plant. In that campaign Murphy spoke in favor of public ownership and sharply criticized the power trust.

The most serious opposition to the Mayor comes, however, from the financiers and industrialists and from the local press, except the Hearst paper. It is based upon his efforts to relieve by direct methods some of the suffering and distress resulting from the industrial crisis. These interests consider his election and administration a huge and costly mistake. They look upon him as a red, his radicalism dating back to his participation in the fight to save Sacco and Vanzetti. Most outspoken of his journalistic critics is the *Free Press,* owned and published by Ed Stair, multimillionaire and corporation director extraordinary. Loudest among his industrial foemen is Henry Ford, who contributes not a penny in taxes toward the maintenance and operation of the municipal government. These opponents try to convince the voters that Murphy is bringing socialism to Detroit, that he has given the city a bad name by his vigor in pushing his relief program and in exposing some of the conditions arising from the widespread unemployment, that he has attracted thousands of bums to the city to be fed and housed at the taxpayers' expense, and that he has brought Detroit to the verge of bankruptcy.

The Mayor's handling of the problems of the depression has been divided into two major sections. First, an unemployment committee has been intrusted with the task of registering and finding work for the men and women let out by the factories and business houses. The jobless have been registered by families instead of individually, upon the theory that more families can be helped by giving only one job to a family. Up to April 19 a total of 112,282 families had been registered. New applicants for work are coming in at the rate of 600 weekly, indicating no lessening of the unemployment crisis. Upon the basis of the registration of April 19 it is estimated that between 175,000 and 225,000 persons are out of work in the city.

The committee has had little success in finding work for those who have registered. It has endeavored to create jobs by persuading employers to readjust work schedules, to reduce hours, and to employ only registered labor, by inducing citizens to hire odd-job men they would not ordinarily employ, by apportioning city jobs requiring unskilled labor to a greater number of persons, by helping unemployed men sell apples on the streets, and by various other means. Yet from September 16, when registration began, to April 19 only 23,926 persons were given work, and in more than half of these cases the work was of a temporary nature. The unemployment problem is far too large to be grappled with successfully by a single municipal government. In addition, most of the great employers of labor in and about the city have refused to lend a hand, and one or two of them have openly attempted to obstruct the work of the committee.

Quite another story can be told about the relief work. Perhaps in no other American city have families in distress

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as a result of the present depression been helped by their municipal officials as they have been by the Detroit Public Welfare Bureau. When Mayor Murphy took office, he immediately enlarged that organization, filled its headquarters staff with experts, and even went outside the city to recruit many trained field workers. Even then he did not find enough to take care of the immense relief problem. Families in distress need only show that they are bona fide residents of Detroit; the few persons who have come to Detroit for the specific purpose of "living off the city" have been weeded out by investigation. Last month 45,464 needy families were being supported by the Welfare Bureau. In January, the peak month, 47,312 families—approximately 190,000 persons, or more than twelve per cent of the population—were being directly assisted by the municipality. March expenditures totaled $1,448,000, of which $920,000 went for food, $242,000 for rent, $173,000 for fuel, $79,000 for shoes and clothing, $9,000 for sundries, $4,000 for medical and surgical supplies, $1,600 for transportation, $1,600 for boarding of children, and $4,000 for burials.

The Homeless Men's Bureau has been set up by the Murphy administration under the direction of John Ballenger, executive secretary of the local American Red Cross chapter. During the week ended April 11 this bureau fed 6,897 men daily, and gave meals and lodgings to another 4,010 men, making a total of 10,907. Most of the men take their meals at the two municipal lodging-houses, and approximately half the men sleep there, while others are put up at the Y. M. C. A. or at private rooming-houses and hotels. At the municipal lodges it costs twenty-two and one-half cents a day to feed and keep a single man, while the city pays out fifteen cents a night for lodging and twenty cents a day for meals for men who have to be cared for elsewhere.

It has been charged time and again by Henry Ford and others that this bureau has been feeding bums at the taxpayers' expense, but no man is given relief unless he can present a certificate from a taxpayer showing that he actually has lived in Detroit for at least a year. Men without such affidavits are given a bath, a night's lodging, and a free meal, and then told to be on their way. Mr. Ballenger has found that more than 35 per cent of the men fed and kept by this bureau are former employees of Henry Ford, and that 11 per cent of them are married. In virtually every one of these latter cases the man came to Detroit several years ago, found a steady job, and on the strength of it married, bought a home, and started raising a family. Since then he has lost his job, his savings, his home, and his family. These men were not bums a few years ago, though they may fall in that category today.

Mayor Murphy's relief program has unquestionably proved a drain on the city's finances. Detroit faces a heavy deficit, and its uncollected taxes are growing monthly, primarily because of the depression. At the best there will have to be an increase in the tax rate within a year or two, though the Mayor so far has succeeded in preventing an increase by practicing the strictest economy in his administration. He estimates that by eliminating politics and the politicians he has saved the city an average of $1,000,000 monthly since he took office last September, and the records to a large extent bear out this estimate. Nevertheless, he realizes that the tax rate must go up if his relief work is to continue, and he believes that the additional burden should be carried by the city's industries. But most of the persons receiving direct relief are former employees of companies like the Ford, Briggs Body, and Chrysler, whose plants are just outside the city limits and therefore cannot be taxed by Detroit. Incidentally, the officials of these untaxable corporations are among the loudest critics of the relief program.

Frank Murphy has proved himself a sincere, honest, and fearless mayor. He has gone ahead with his plans despite the opposition of the press, politicians, bankers, industrialists, chamber of commerce, organized labor, and Communists. For the time being he appears to have won the confidence of the Detroit rank and file. His weakness is his lack of political experience. It is probable that he will be reelected next November, principally because the two men now thinking of running against him are disliked more than he is by the press and politicians of the city, but after that his political future is none too secure.

Broke at Fifty-five

By FRANK G. MOORHEAD

I'VE done a good deal of thinking in the past year, largely because I haven't had anything else to do. Prior to that, for twenty-five years, I wrote editorials, without thinking—sort of caught ideas out of the air, mechanically, as a riveter catches red-hot bolts.

Most of the editorials were intended to comfort the poor and downtrodden. I didn't know the poor and downtrodden personally. But they existed in large numbers, and subscribed to the paper for which I wrote. It was a farm paper, one dollar a year. A difficult kind of journal to edit, because on the one hand we must espouse the export debenture, the equalization fee, individual loans to farmers on crops, and every other panacea which offered to relieve distress and suffering on the farm; and on the other we must assure the advertisers that no better market exists anywhere in all the world than the farm market.

There was good money in it, for publisher and editor both, as well as a trip back East every little while, usually just before elections when a conference of "farm experts" was called in Washington for the purpose of helping the farmers to vote for the right candidates. It looked as though the condition and the position were permanent. It really wasn't a bad job, as jobs go, telling the farmer how poor he was, for $200 a week, with an annual bonus if advertising remained good.

I had a knack of writing things that would make folks cry, about people who had died and gone to where they were much better off. I used to look out the window and get to crying real hard myself over some person I had never seen, or cared for, or even heard of before. Good stuff, though, when one is editing a paper which is read by a million farmers who don't often get to see better sob-stuff. Some of them weren't so bad. I recall one written after the death of the mother of the man who owned the paper and signed the weekly pay checks. I sent a copy of it to a man in Washington named Hoover, who wrote back: "I had heard of

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the terrible accident to Mr. ——'s mother and I telegraphed him some time ago with respect to it. I have never seen a finer tribute than that which you sent me." I'm keeping the letter for two purposes: first, to use as a recommendation, if I ever find the right parties; second, to sell as an autograph, as a last resort.

I remember how I used to get down to work early Monday morning, and then taper off, or peter out, a bit later each morning, until Saturday wasn't much of a day at all. One Monday morning I brought in the newspaper early, and found myself out of a job. The paper I had worked for as second in command for twenty years had been sold the day before, on Sunday.

A few weeks later a national bank in which I had invested the residue of what had seemed a small salary, until I lost it, found it advisable to merge with a larger bank. Before that, stock which had cost $250 a share went so low that it made a fellow wake up in the middle of the night, all hot and scared, and hearing every board in the house creak, he was so sure the morning mail would bring the notice of a double assessment on the poor innocent stockholders.

There's the picture: broke at fifty-five, and four hungry people still demanding three meals a day. What was the sensation?

I was greatly surprised, taking my first airplane flight, to find I had no sensation at all. I did not even know I was moving. It was somewhat the same at first when I went broke. I did not even know I had stopped moving. It should have been more dramatic. I should have paced the floor. I should have mouthed tragedy and made a pass at the chandelier with my walking stick, given me by the office force after many years of faithful service. I had written stories (fiction) about men in similar situations. I must admit they acted altogether differently, at rates varying from one to five cents a word. They said an awful lot in the higher-priced articles.

A man's egotism is an anaesthetic allaying the first pains. He works fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years, no matter how many. He is either good or he becomes acclimated and the boss lets him stay on, like an old piece of furniture hardly worth carrying away. He loses his job. He says to himself, "Well, I've worked hard and faithfully a good many years. The last three years I didn't take my regular office vacation, at full pay. Sorry now that I didn't, but a rest won't hurt me. In fact, it will do me good. I was getting in a rut. And while I'm resting other firms or plants or factories will hear that I'm out, and I'll choose from among the good offers they make me."

"Well, you're fixed all right; no need for you to worry; you'll get along fine. You can always get a good job, anywhere." So the home folks said, as they stopped me on the street and then hurried on, remembering I was no longer in the newspaper business and therefore no longer useful to them, and their children's parties, with layout, on the Sunday society page.

"It seems to be the tendency of the times; reducing overhead expenses." This from a few editors, still permanently located and pretty sure of a few years more.

As for the offers, they never came at all. It was weeks before I could figure it out. The little notice about me in the home-town paper had been hidden away between a patent-medicine advertisement and the notice of a concern passing its dividend. Maybe I'd better send out a few letters to prominent publishers and editors to let them know my address. I had opened up an office in one of the bedrooms at home and was typing, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party," hour after hour, in order to make the neighbors think I was still writing—for a living.

I have a large number of very splendid indorsements which I shall be glad to loan to anyone prepaying the postage. The name can easily be changed. So many of those to whom I wrote giving them first chance at my services would have grabbed me off just a little while before, but "recent additions to our staff make it impossible," "we have built up a stalwart organization which we hesitate," and so on. "Surprised to hear that *you* should have been let out." No more surprised than I was, and the italics are not mine, either. You can't eat words. You can't even get credit for them at the cash-and-carry grocery stores.

The trusting hopefulness of the first few weeks turned to bitterness. "A fine fellow, when he had a paper back of him; quite a dub without one." "Pretty cocky, wasn't he? Sort of held himself aloof from the gang. Oh, well, roll out another money ball and let the ancient and noble game of Kelly pool continue." I was sore for a while; then I laughed it off. No doubt I had done the same thing many a time. Nobody ever considers anything until it comes right home. I've often wondered if Longfellow wrote "There is no death" with his fingers crossed. He sure slipped it over on them that day.

First, indifference; next, reassuring faith; third, galling bitterness; fourth, morbidity. And the last is what hurts and causes folks to fall out of ten-story windows, accidentally. "Nothing wrong with his accounts; happily married," say the newspapers. How about the rapidly dwindling bank balance; the determination that the loved ones, who were in no way to blame for the bad luck, shall go on having the things they were accustomed to having; the stiff upper lip the grand old Scotch mother used to talk about, before you ever had a penny of your own and were too young to go out in the world and work?

Around fifty a man loses nerve—I don't mean the nerve it takes to accompany Wilkins under the ice to the North Pole, or to fly with Byrd and moving-picture men over the South Pole. I mean the nerve it takes to ask a stranger for a job, when you've turned down thousands of men yourself without batting an eye; to tell a friend how good you are, and watch his face continue blank; to approach the banker whom you puffed in your paper for years and who was only too glad to lend you whatever you wanted at 6 per cent, and not even take the interest out in advance. This time he suggests that the wife sign the note, too, and makes it 7 per cent, in advance, and asks for a credit statement.

You have just as much ability as ever. You've got a book half started—a whale of a plot never used before, good dialogue, nice, clean, moral sort of a book. You'll sell it soon and then you'll be all right. Maybe you'll make $10,000 out of it. But the home folks know you've lost your $200 a week, and that's ever so much bigger. And nowadays if you're counting on a $10,000 book, the home folks are right; the $200 check is much bigger—and surer.

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Finally, in course of time, you begin to feel toward yourself as you imagine other folks are feeling toward you. I've never cared a rap for money. I never carried much, however far from home I went. I could always get it somehow, from somebody. There would be whole days at home when there wasn't even a penny in the pockets of any of the two suits. Now that I'm broke I always carry a few silver dollars, so I can jingle them and not feel so downcast. It has the effect on listeners, too.

Have you read Stevenson's "The Amateur Emigrant"? If you have, read it again. He tells of coming over on a steamer, second cabin, when that was different from what it is now, while the class of people with whom he was wont to associate were traveling first class. They ignored him. "In my normal circumstances," he says, "it appeared every young lady must have paid some tribute of a glance, and though I had not often detected it when it was given, I was well aware of its absence when it was withheld." He reflects a bit and concludes, "I wish someone . . . would find out exactly at what stage of toilet a man becomes invisible to the well-regulated female eye."

I have a similar problem. I should like to find out at what stage of your poverty other people realize or sense it, and pass you by as one no longer interesting or useful to them. You wear the same suit, more carefully brushed and pressed than ever before to conceal your poverty. You walk just as cockily. You know as much; you know a lot more, in fact—things you didn't suspect or believe before. I guess, after all, it's the droop in the shoulders, the look in your eyes—furtive, expectant, resentful.

The nights are the worst; the time when all you can see is the unseen. You've done everything humanly possible to avert the inevitable. You've gone over your life-insurance policies, to be sure they are all incontestible after the first year. You've taken out additional accident insurance. You realize that for the first time in your rather carefree, indifferent life you are worth more dead than alive—a good deal more.

The boards in the house creak. Your heart gives a jump. Will it be the last one? Perhaps it's a burglar. Your last chance to be a hero. To have the papers, which you pretend to scorn, use you as first-page copy. X marks the spot where the burglar was killed. Don't laugh! It's all terribly real; no make-believe. But it's a grand joke on the burglar—robbing the house of a man who is broke, at fifty-five. Poor devil!

Another board creaks. You hear Andy figuring his income tax. "Five million." "Seven million." You go over, in your head, the dwindling bank balance. "Three hundred and two." "Two hundred and eighty." "Two hundred and forty-nine."

You're wide awake now. The perspiration runs from you. It's only the ring of the window shade hitting the glass this time. The birds are beginning to sing. Pretty little things. They don't have to work on a salary. They don't take men's words, and find them salty in the mouth. A little light in the east window. Everybody else is sleeping. You've stopped all the clocks. You can't stand them any more. Every tick is one of the few remaining dollars gone.

Another day. Nobody knows, but yourself. And you're getting terribly close-mouthed about things lately.

In the Driftway

NUDITY as a cause is apparently as lusty as ever. Someone has just written a book about a trip around the world of which the points of interest included all the nudist colonies in existence. Meanwhile, the approach of summer conjures up a cloud of clothes being flung in all directions in the business-like and slightly pathetic rush of an urban civilization to pile on its back all the sunshine it can against winter office life. The Drifter will be found rushing with the rest. Being a sun-worshiper of the first water, he will peel off his shirt for any stray sunbeam that is not escorted by a swaggering, icy breeze, and he will stick to that sunbeam's trail with all the persistence of a sunflower until day's end. It is because he is so devout a sun-worshiper, in fact, that he is not a nudist. The reason for a sun bath is pleasure; the result of a sun bath is, or should be, relaxation. Being a nudist, on the other hand, strikes the Drifter as one of the most uncomfortable, unrelaxing pursuits in life. He is not speaking just now of moral considerations and martyrdom. He is speaking of physical discomfort.

* * * * *

HAVE you ever sat on grass or sand in the nude? Have you ever tried to sleep in a meadow with nothing between you and nature but your skin? Of course, it is possible that nudists never try to do such things. It is possible, as someone has suggested, that they spend *all* their time running in circles, pointing their toes, and throwing their heads back. But even people with causes have to sit down, sleep, and eat occasionally. The natural habitat of the nudist the Drifter takes for granted to be the fields and woods, and he has already indicated his doubts about the quality of rest to be drawn from a fir-bough bed without benefit of blankets. When nudity goes into the average house, the prospect is even more pathetic. Between the wicker furniture on the porch and the sharp corners on the dining-room chairs there could be no comfort anywhere except perhaps in the plush divan in the living-room—and plush can prickle a fiendish prickle.

* * * * *

"DON'T be silly," replies the nudist, "your remarks apply only to novices among nudists. Toughness comes very quickly." Still, though he were tough enough to sit plain on a fallen tree trunk all afternoon and not wear the marks, the Drifter could not contemplate life in New York City, say, with any pleasure, even if the whole population were to go suddenly and unanimously nudist, thus relieving him of any possible embarrassment. Brick and pavement, subways and sharp-cornered skyscrapers, not to mention humidity and blown dirt, are not the Drifter's idea of nude living unless one desires to go in deliberately for taking punishment—and the Drifter never did have much admiration for St. Simeon Stylites and his like. And there are other objections. The fallacy still persists to the effect that the human body is beautiful. It is a pretty and comforting fallacy. The Drifter hopes it will not be spoiled by a successful nudist revolution. But grant such a revolution; then imagine a population, not of Greek statues come

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to life, but of average human beings gone nudist and endowed with the toughness of hide earlier referred to. The Drifter, for one, would not care to stay in the world a day longer. It would be aesthetically unbearable. Personally, he would much rather contemplate a rough-tweed golfer than a tough-kneed nudist on a subway excursion to Van Cortlandt Park.

* * * * *

YET even if the nudists should tear down the cities, invent a velvet grass, put snubbers on the stings of wasps, round off all corners, and by some miracle make all human bodies beautiful, the Drifter would still refuse to join their ranks unless they changed at least one of their arguments. Scratch any nudist and he will protest that the purity of the nudist's mind is such as to make ivory soap go into hiding; to prove his point he will go on to say that your full-blown nudist is so pure-minded that he is unconscious of sex to the extent of not knowing, except intellectually, whether he is talking to a woman or a man. If that is true, the Drifter has as little use for the nudist as he has for the feminist who insists that women are exactly like men. Both would rob the world of all variety and interest. The pure mind, granted that it exists, is immensely overrated. If an active, competent mind is one which grasps all the implications of any given idea—and surely no one would quarrel with that definition—who could find either desirable or useful a mind that saw only those implications which would look well in a Sunday-school textbook? As for a person who is unconscious of the difference between men and women, the Drifter hopes he may never meet one. Fortunately, he never expects to, even though he, too, should visit every nudist colony in the world.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Are Our Fingers Crossed?

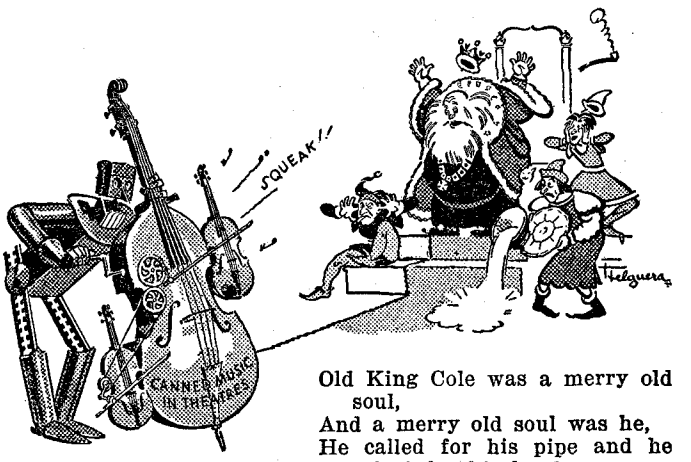
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was quite gratifying to read *The Nation's* editorial on Americans in Nicaragua. But it seems to me that you could have carried your point a little closer to the mark than you did.

We wonder, some of us, why South Americans fail to return our hearty handshake forever extended to them in such brotherly fashion. It is because they have ample reason to believe that our fingers are crossed. Isn't it going to laughable extremes when, after the President's recent conciliatory utterances, the *Herald Tribune,* one of the leading papers in this country, blandly takes Mr. Stimson to task, in two leading editorials, for attempting to bear out Mr. Hoover with a true act of faith?

The American interests that President Coolidge was so insistent should be protected were literally forced on a smaller and weaker country, and the Americans who invested their money in Nicaragua were not ignorant of the conditions under which they did so. They were thoroughly aware of the fact that American exploitation of Nicaraguan resources was being maintained under the shadow of American battleships. In response to the continued protests of Latin Americans and Americans, it was stated that our marines were to be withdrawn and the

THE KING'S FIDDLERS



Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

MY, my, what a rumpus when the robot appeared! It seems that the Prime Minister, in a fit of economy, had installed canned music and fired the King's rollicking fiddlers. The jolly old monarch was wroth.

But King Cole could remedy the trouble. He had only to order the robot to the attic, send for his beloved fiddlers, and have the Prime Minister publicly spanked.

Theatre patrons can't get action so swiftly. But they can insist on having their money's worth in the theatre by joining the Music Defense League. Sign and mail the coupon.

N-5-13.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State*.....

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)
JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President,* 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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control of finance was to be placed in the hands of the Nicaraguan government. Now when actual steps are being taken by our State Department to carry out a policy of hands off, there seems to be considerable doubt as to whether we really want to give up wielding the big stick.

We have been spouting a deal of oratory in an attempt to cover up the truth. The time has come for an open statement of our position. Either the United States intends to maintain control over Nicaragua for the sole benefit of American investors or we will withdraw our marines and battleships and prove the truth of our altruistic statements. Are we going to deserve Latin America's faith in our good-will, or are we going to maintain our present cross-fingered position at the expense of that faith which we insist we desire?

New York, April 30 EUGENE JAY SEGAL

Sorry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some essential words were omitted in the printing of my article on political prisoners in your issue of April 29. Inadvertently I was made to say: "the six industrial unionists who are serving sentences of from twenty-five to forty years in Centralia, Washington." This should have read: ". . . who are serving sentences . . . for defending their hall in Centralia, Washington." The six I. W. W. hall defenders have been confined in the penitentiary in Walla Walla since 1920.

New York, April 27 JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

Librarians Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I did not agree with Constance Auer in her article on librarians which appeared in *The Nation* several weeks ago, but I think that I agree even less with the letters of her critics. I have been actively engaged in library work for the past seven years. Neither libraries nor librarians are perfect. But Miss Auer is basing her estimate of the profession on information which is pretty much out of date now, and while it has the ring of truth in it because she undoubtedly knows what she is talking about, she loses sight of the fact that libraries are constantly and consistently going forward.

But while the critics of Miss Auer may seem to be more reasonable than she is, it seems to me that they are really much less so. For one thing, Miss Auer's critics declare that library salaries reward at least partly the time spent in professional preparation for a library job. That is simply not so. I do not know what the average library salary is throughout the country now, but I do know that a few years ago the American Library Association compiled a table of statistics which showed it to be somewhere between $1,600 and $1,700 a year—no great reward for a bachelor's degree from an approved university, and perhaps one year of graduate work in library school on top of it all. Library salaries are increasing but librarians are still the most poorly paid of professional workers.

Miss Auer's critics further ignore the fact that most public libraries in the United States are very small, with fewer than 50,000 volumes on their shelves. Work in small public libraries certainly does not proceed in accordance with the latest business methods; routine is not eliminated even from the work of the trained people on the staff. Whether it should be or not is an open question. I firmly believe that it should be in every possible way, but the fact remains that it simply is not.

Santa Paula, Cal., April 15 LOUISE DAVIES

Nivernais Sheep

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel compelled to arrogate to myself the rather pedantic task of calling attention to an inaccuracy in the translation of Rolland's Broaden, Europe, or Die! in your issue of April 22.

I refer to the phrase "Nivernais sheep (they're chamois—it takes but three to strangle a wolf)." The words in parentheses should have been put in quotation marks; the original is simply a rhymed proverb which serves also as an epigraph for the second chapter of "Colas Breugnon." And *moutons de Chamoux* has nothing to do with chamois, but is evidently just a synonym for *moutons du Nivernais,* both of them designating "the soldiers that M. de Nevers, our duke, sent us for our defense."

Washington, April 27 ALLEN D. GARMAN

Ante Wells

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his review of "Rational Evolution," by Robert Briffault, in your issue of March 25 Scott Buchanan makes it plain that he is under the impression that this book is a successor to Wells's outline of history.

All well-informed readers, however, know that Briffault's book was first published in 1919 by George Allen and Unwin, London, under the title "The Making of Humanity." It appeared one year before Wells's outline.

Baltimore, April 1 VERA FULTON

"Dr. Counts' book is an unsurpassed statement of the whole, and not merely of the economic, challenge of Russia to America."
—JOHN DEWEY

THE SOVIET CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

By GEORGE S. COUNTS
Author of
The American Road to Culture
at all bookstores $4.00
THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, NEW YORK

"The best book I have seen on the Five-Year Plan is George S. Counts' SOVIET CHALLENGE TO AMERICA."
—LOUIS FISCHER.

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Books, Films, Drama

The Silent Land

By JAMES RORTY

There is wild singing, and the songs
Man makes with nature; this
Is neither, for this land belongs
Not to the old gods who have gone,
Nor to the new, whose unimagined grace
Flees from our question; here is space
Gone voiceless, time gone dumb.

Last night I listened to the hiss
Of the wind between the fallen moon
And dawn's first flutter, pondering this
Invincible revolt of Things.
One voice I heard, the fox's cry;
Four times he circled in the snow
Hunting under an empty sky,
And what he said was like the woe
That cries from windows where bewildered souls
Beat on the bars, and count the idiot sum
Of chaos till the new gods come.

Storm after drought, and stones that speak again;
Song after silence, time gone terrible and loud,
All earth in labor and the fearful rain
Of godhead falling: this, when man is proud.
This is the song we may not sing;
Not now; the new gods have not come.

John Bright

The Diaries of John Bright. Edited by R. A. J. Walling. William Morrow and Company. $7.50.

JOHN BRIGHT would not have approved of this publication. "I am against biographies and portraits and statues. . . . I have been and am a victim of the habit of my time to commemorate the ordinary labors of ordinary men." So he wrote in the last of his diaries, within two years of his death. When it was proposed to bring out an edition of his speeches, he did not object; his life, he used to say, was in his speeches, and to their preparation he devoted much thought and care. But the entries in his diaries were intended for the most part merely as aids to his memory and were jotted down without regard to literary form. He was not an ordinary man, but many of the events recorded in his diaries were ordinary events. Yet even these are often significant for the light they throw upon his character, habits, and interests; and his private and informal comments on current events often disclose, with palpable candor, his opinion on men and measures of his day. The diaries are now in the possession of one of his granddaughters. George Macaulay Trevelyan was permitted to examine them when he was engaged in the preparation of his "Life of Bright," but apart from this no use has been made of them by historians.

The least difficult part of the task that faced Mr. Walling as editor was to select from a journal extending, with some discontinuity, over a period of fifty years such passages as seemed suitable for publication. If these were to be made intelligible to the reader and convey any adequate impression of Bright's public career, they had to be placed in their historical setting, references and allusions had to be explained, and hiatuses in the diaries had to be bridged. This laborious work Mr. Walling has accomplished in praiseworthy manner. It was not his aim to deal fully and objectively with all the great public controversies in which Bright figured, and it may be that he has not always done full justice to causes and policies which Bright opposed. His purpose, as he tells us, was "to intervene as little as possible between the reader and John Bright," and in this he has succeeded. He has made an important contribution to the political history of Victorian England. I have noticed very few errors in matters of fact, the most serious being a statement that President Johnson demanded "severer conditions for the return of the Secession States than Congress was prepared to impose."

Bright's fundamental opinions were formed in youth and underwent little modification as a result of later experiences. His life, as Mr. Walling suggests, cannot be understood without a realization of the influence exerted upon him by the Quaker doctrine of the Inner Light, and the Inner Light is not evolutionary. He lived in an age when the drafts of science and philosophy were blowing through the corridors of orthodoxy, but they seem to have had little if any disturbing influence upon the serenity of his faith. He retained to the end the religious beliefs of his childhood, and it was with deep propriety that he was buried in the graveyard of the Friends' Meeting House of Rochdale, his birthplace. What he thought in his youth about aristocracy, tyranny, monopoly, intervention, war, intolerance, established churches, bishops, and Turks he continued to think in his old age. His diaries begin with the journal of a tour of the Near East which he made at the age of twenty-four—"a kind of philosophical Baedeker," Mr. Walling calls it—and when he reread these early impressions and reflections years afterwards he found nothing to which he could not still subscribe. The inflexibility of his convictions gave him magnificent courage in supporting them, but it also made it difficult for him to appreciate new issues and points of view. A contemporary said of him when he was approaching old age that his mind was singularly inaccessible to novel ideas.

The diaries bear abundant testimony to Bright's sympathetic interest in plain people and his admiration of the homely virtues. He was not one of those humanitarians who love mankind in the abstract but care little for concrete men and women. Such an entry as this is worth a hundred protestations of devotion to humanity:

> Called upon poor Mrs. Hughes and took some supplies of tea and sugar, etc. Her cheerfulness and resignation unchanged. She has been nineteen years confined to her bed. To visit her is a lesson from which all may learn.

His regard for Queen Victoria seems to have sprung from his sympathy for her as a woman who had known deep domestic sorrow; as a Friend and as a democrat he was never awed, as Gladstone was, by the majesty of monarchy.

The diaries shed more light upon the diarist, of course, than upon anybody else, but Bright's long political career—he was a member of parliament from 1843 till his death in 1889—brought him inevitably into contact with all the outstanding political figures of the Victorian Age, and to those who are interested in the personalities of statesmen no passages in the diaries will seem more important than those in which he interprets the characters and motives of his famous contemporaries. On all matters of principle he and Disraeli were as far apart as men could be, but they formed an odd sort

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of friendship that lasted for some twenty years. Under date of December 15, 1852, following an extraordinary conversation in which Disraeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposed a coalition between the radicals and the protectionist Conservatives, Bright writes:

> This remarkable man is ambitious, most able, and without prejudices. He conceives it right to strive for a great career with such principles as are in vogue in his age and country—says the politics and principles to suit England must be of the "English type"; but having obtained power, would use it to found a great reputation on great services rendered to the country. He seems unable to comprehend the morality of our political course, and on this ground was probably induced to seek the interview with me.

When the great careerist reached the goal of his ambition, the premiership, Bright comments:

> A great triumph of intellect and courage and patience and unscrupulousness, employed in the service of a party full of prejudices and selfishness and wanting in brains. The Tories have hired Disraeli, and he has his reward from them.

The list of notables who make appearances in the diaries includes Queen Victoria, Cobden, Lord Brougham, Peel, Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Cavour, Garibaldi, William Lloyd Garrison, Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Parnell, Goldwin Smith, Joseph Chamberlain, and Lord Rosebery.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Another Epic of the Soil

The Good Earth. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. $2.50.

HERE is another of these novels concerning man's love for and struggle with his land, but this novel is different in that its setting is China. Like her first novel, "East Wind: West Wind," Mrs. Buck's second narrative has the peculiar interest which the foreign and exotic always call forth. We read with interest of the Chinese farmer's life in the small village, of the many detailed family customs, of the social and economic changes in status that come about as the family slowly wins its struggle and grows wealthy. We learn, too, of city life in China during one of the uprisings of the poor against the rich. We are given a complete cross-section of Chinese life. All this has a great fascination; it is material which no Occidental writer would attempt without special preparation, and Mrs. Buck, who has lived all her life in China, has of course this special preparation. Her complete familiarity with her material allows her to present her characters as very human and very real, as people who engage our sympathies. It is interesting to note, in this respect, that her women characters, even the most inarticulate of them, are more clearly interpreted than are her men characters.

Such a novel as "The Good Earth" calls at once for comparison with other novels of the same general design—novels of the soil on the one hand and novels concerning Oriental life on the other. Any such comparison brings out the fact that despite Mrs. Buck's very good narrative style, despite her familiarity with her material, her work has a certain flatness of emotional tone that is not characteristic of Knut Hamsun's studies of the toiler in the earth, nor again of the autobiographical narrative of a Korean childhood and boyhood, "The Grass Roof." Both Hamsun and Younghill Kang have much more than an accurate observation and objective analysis of their characters and scenes to present; both of them are able intuitively to penetrate into the emotions of their characters. This ability derives from their own traditional knowledge and racial inheritance. The result is that they write books which are more convincing and more exciting. Mrs. Buck is undoubtedly one of the best of Occidental writers to treat of Chinese life, but "The Good Earth" lacks the imaginative intensity, the lyrical quality, which someone who had actually farmed Chinese soil might have been able to give it.

EDA LOU WALTON

Lenin

Lenin, Red Dictator. By George Vernadsky. Yale University Press. $3.

Lenin. By D. S. Mirsky. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Lenin. God of the Godless. By Ferdinand A. Ossendowski. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

THE thing that made Lenin really great was what he wanted. When the goal is a villa in Florida or the director's office in a New York corporation, success makes one a little big man. But Lenin's goal was the forging of a new world. Even partial achievement, especially when coupled with the living legacy he left to complete the task, therefore places him above all other modern statesmen. It is the stupendousness of Lenin's conception that increases his stature a thousand-fold. Ossendowski and Vernadsky have no eyes for such perspectives. Only Mirsky suspects them.

A biography of Lenin should reveal first the man and the workings of his mind, second the revolutionary leader and his role in history. Weighed in these very simple balances, all three volumes under review will be found wanting. The man does not emerge from any of them. Mirsky attempts no estimate of Lenin's human qualities. Ossendowski writes pure fiction. Vernadsky has facts, facts. But facts without the infusion of understanding are sterile. In the few pages of Krupskaya's reminiscences or of Trotzky's "Lenin" there is more of the human being than in all three of the present biographies combined. Lenin, for instance, liked poetry. He read and reread Pushkin, and preferred him to the revolutionary Mayakovsky. Yet you wouldn't think it from Vernadsky's tale or from Mirsky's. They create a non-existent, dried-up, fanatical, mechanical Communist-Jesuit.

Still less do we see how Lenin's mind functioned. It was plastic but tempered by inordinate intransigence when the occasion demanded. Mental agility fathered opportunism. Opportunism, however, represented a compromise with conditions, never with principles. Vernadsky is totally unequipped to grasp this. Ossendowski is not concerned with the real Lenin.

A good biography of Lenin is yet to be written. Biographies can be written only of dead men. A true "Life" of Lenin would reflect the effect of his work on the second half of the twentieth century. Few dare or are able to look so far ahead.

In a society that had any serious regard for truth Ossendowski would be ostracized. His work passes as a biography but makes no pretense to being a historical record. There is no photograph of Lenin, no quotation from Lenin, no bibliography, no date of Lenin's birth. Ossendowski bothers with few dates, and most of those are wrong. Speeches Lenin never made and proclamations never issued are given in full. No respect for facts checks Ossendowski's inventive talents. He quotes long dialogues that allegedly took place in Russian brothels between the young Lenin and prostitutes. The Winter Palace, he asserts, was looted on the opening day of the revolution with Lenin's approval. This is untrue. On the same November 7 Ossendowski takes Lenin into a Petrograd cathedral, where the leader of the victorious coup d'etat personally stops the services

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and argues about God with the priest. Then the tombs of the Czars are opened and sacked while Lenin looks on. None of this ever happened.

Polite pornography and sadism abound in Ossendowski's tale of the ascetic Lenin. There is just enough eroticism to excite the sex-starved without inviting the Post Office's ban. One scene is classic disgrace: Dora Frumkin, a ravishing Jewish beauty, has tried to assassinate Lenin. He wishes to witness the cross-examination in the dungeons of the Cheka. He goes with Dzerzhinsky. As they enter, Dzerzhinsky's first assistant is buttoning on his jacket while Dora is still lying on a velvet-covered couch. He boasts to Lenin of the delectable morsel he has had. The examination commences. Dora remains naked. Lenin's "thoughts were animal"—the Song of Songs runs through his mind—and Ossendowski quotes them at length. But the questions interrupt these reveries. Who inspired her to fire at Lenin? She is silent. The Chekists cover her with oaths and threats. They beat her aged mother. Dora is silent. At a signal from Dzerzhinsky, four Chinese mercenaries thereupon seize her and cut off her beautiful breasts. Now will she tell? She will not. The Chinese then dig out her eyes with their long sharp knives, while Lenin watches. "She wept tears and blood." Again the demand for a confession. Dora is silent. But Lenin can stand it no more. "Finish her off," he cries. A Chinese stabs and kills her. Hot stuff, what?

LOUIS FISCHER

The Situation of Labor

Labor and Coal. By Anna Rochester. International Publishers. $2.

Labor and Lumber. By Charlotte Todes. International Publishers. $2.

Labor and Textiles. By Robert W. Dunn and Jack Hardy. International Publishers. $2.

LEFT-WING unionism has enlisted the services of one of the most able labor-research staffs of America. Publishing a series on "Labor and Industry," of which five volumes have already appeared, the Labor Research Association has thrown out a challenge to the industrialists of America as well as to the American Federation of Labor. The three volumes under review treat of the situation in three of the most demoralized sections of American capitalism. They are indispensable to any student of labor, whatever his point of view.

"Labor and Coal," by Miss Rochester, contains many hard facts concerning an industry which has for a decade been the despair of the nation. For ten years workers have averaged less than 200 days of work a year, one-fifth of the men being employed less than 150 days. Cutthroat competition between areas has reduced wages to an average of barely $1,100 a year. Stupid union leadership during a prolonged depression has made unionization of such little force that the annual earnings of the unionized Illinois miners ($1,098) are below those of non-union West Virginia and only equal to Kentucky. Annually 2,100 miners are killed in the course of their work, many because of inadequate precautions by employers. Living conditions for workers in company "patches," who buy goods from company stores and have justice administered by company-dominated police, have usually been miserable. Mechanization of the mines has aggravated the employment and wage situation.

In "Labor and Lumber" Miss Todes deals with another depressed industry employing more than a half-million workers. After tracing the dubious origin of the titles to lumber areas, she turns to a treatment of the concentration of ownership which has brought the Weyerhäuser syndicate into possession of 50 per cent of Idaho, 37 per cent of western Washington, and 15 per cent of Oregon timberland. Elsewhere similar concentration is taking place. With the decline in the production of lumber from 44,000,000,000 board feet in 1909 to 34,000,000,000 in 1927, and the use of improved mechanical devices, fewer men have been employed. In 1930 forces had been cut more than 30 per cent below the 1926 level. Wages have been low, the average in 1927 being less than $1,000. In the South wages are especially depressed. In Mississippi the average is $15.35 a week, in Georgia $10.76. The ten-hour day is universal in the South and applies to more than half the Western lumber workers.

In the description of unions in the industry the rise and decline of the "Four L" organization is noted. This curious hybrid union was launched on a wave of war patriotism to crush the I. W. W. and to head off A. F. of L. advances into the industry. The organization has since become largely a welfare unit of certain employers, with little vigor to press worker demands. As for the I. W. W., the writer declares it to be practically non-existent, suggesting that "only the fighting traditions of the past remain." The only functioning union organization appears to be the International Shingle Weavers' Union, which remains independent of the I. W. W., the Communists, and the A. F. of L.

The Dunn-Hardy book is an amazing indictment of the textile industry. After careful research into the profits and investments in the mills, tidbits of gossip are introduced from the trade papers. The enthusiastic chamber of commerce of a South Carolina city is found to advertise, "Labor in Spartanburg is free, unchangeable, and contented." The Atlanta organization, not to be outdone, adds, "Put your plant where labor helps instead of hindering," while Houston boldly proclaims, "Unorganizable Mexican labor in inexhaustible numbers can be secured in Texas for new textile mills."

But the unbelievably long hours and low wages of the Southern mills are not alone indicted. Attention is also given to New England and New Jersey. There a concealment of profits is found to be common. The ever-increasing "speed-up" of workers is condemned. Employment was found in 1928 to be 35 per cent below the 1923 level and wages also suffered considerably. The Massachusetts cotton-mill workers averaged in 1928 $16.46; those in South Carolina $9.56.

The union struggles in textiles are next passed in review. The United Textile Workers is indicted both for apathy and for its policy of attempting to conciliate employers. The "Pequot Plan" is especially condemned.

Through all the books runs the note that these industries are in chaos, that workers are subjected to insecurity and low wages, and that the American Federation of Labor has launched no effective organizing. Constant reference is made to the introduction of the seven-hour day in Soviet Russia and to the absence of unemployment there. American miners are urged by the writers to join the Mine, Oil, and Smelter Workers' Industrial Union; the lumber workers, the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union; and the textile workers, the National Textile Workers' Union. These unions are affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League.

Many will feel upon reading these books that the writers have overstressed the promise of the newly launched left-wing unions. For these unions have little financial backing and in addition operate under the handicap of the general hatred of Communists. In the South the belief in racial equality is also a heavy burden for the left-wing textile union to carry in the present situation. President McMahon of the United Textile Workers does not appear able to organize extensively on the platform that "we aren't talking higher wages. We aren't talking shorter hours. . . . We want to sit down with the mill owners, we want to take up their problems as our problems." Can militant believers in the class struggle win

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the fight with force instead of an olive branch? In the coal fields, likewise, the left-wing union is a poor third in membership strength. Its vigorous struggle in 1928 brought its leaders into jail and exhausted its treasury. Can it secure the millions necessary to wage an effective battle in the coal fields where in ten days evictions are secured and where wholesale jailing is customary? As for the lumber camps, is it likely that the I. W. W. influence is as dead as it is pictured? That organization appears to have an ability to persist long after its obituary has been written.

Still, however optimistic their predictions, it remains true that the writers of these books have produced a careful analysis of the situation faced by labor in three major industries. Can the American Federation of Labor be prodded into effective action or will the left-wing unions be alone in the field? Or will the Conference for Progressive Labor Action secure an active foothold? At the moment it appears that the A. F. of L. forces are being outgeneraled. For solid research, mingled with propaganda for a cause, is a far more solid basis for effective unionization than speeches on the mutual interests of capital and labor. Mr. Green might be reminded that little union organizing has been done in Rotary Clubs.

COLSTON E. WARNE

The War at Home

Mrs. Fischer's War. By Henrietta Leslie. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IN a foreword to this novel of war on the home front John Galsworthy remarks that few books have been written on the poignant theme of the war as it was or seemed to mothers and wives. Here, then, one might expect a new angle of vision and perspective on a tale of human ignominy and woe that is slowly losing force through sheer weight of repetition; but Mrs. Leslie, unfortunately, is limited where her material is not. Her characters are, for the most part, puppets moving through an aura of misapprehension and exaggeration that seems as pathetic now as it was real at the time of the war, and one suspects that tragedy which is so limited in time and so local in nature is hardly worth more than an essay.

Any method in fiction that seizes on a theme and draws its characters as mere illustrations of it is likely to leave a bad taste on the reader's tongue. If there is nothing new under the sun there are certainly no new sermons to be preached, and if human beings were really angels there would have been no war at all. The sentimental approach to the tragedies of the World War at this late date seems particularly unforgivable, and "Mrs. Fischer's War" is a piece of sentiment made from whole cloth.

Obviously the predicament of an Englishwoman married to a German subject during the war was not enviable. The war at home threw open the gates for every bit of unrestrained maliciousness of which human nature was capable, and one has only to recall the rabbit hunts for enemy aliens conducted on this side of the water to sympathize with the woes of an Englishwoman whose husband fought in the German army against his own son. But once grant the general nature of such a tragedy, and its implications narrow at once to the individual and specific. Mrs. Leslie is well enough off in presenting her general problem. It is when she tries to give it human and individual proportions that she fails rather badly.

And here at once we come across the only real and valid test for any war book. The business of fiction is neither to lament nor to prophesy. The habit of referring to classic examples would naturally recall Tolstoy's "War and Peace" as a work in which character stands foremost and in which setting and local problems as such are merely incidental color. If we can share in the life of a character while reading a book we realize at once that the stresses of war and those of peace are sides of the same coin. Such a re-creation of life on its own terms Mrs. Leslie is unable to give us. It is the more unfortunate in that her theme is unusual.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

Books in Brief

The Magnet. By Maxim Gorki. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Bakshy. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

This sequel to "Bystander" will be rather heavy going for those who have not a special knowledge of Russian intellectual history between 1895 and 1905. The first instalment of Gorki's great and apparently endless novel took its hero, Clim Samghin, from his birth to the accession and marriage of Nicholas II. Clim's younger years, in which he only dimly became aware that a revolution was brewing in Russia, had their fascination, as did his love affair with Lidia. But the later pages of "Bystander" ran into the shallows of discussion; and now "The Magnet" moves wholly there, if it moves at all. The story is partly of Clim's relationships with three further women—Varvara, Nikonova, and Duniasha—but chiefly of how Russia talked aimlessly for ten years. The last pages deal with the Bloody Sunday of 1905, and deal with it brilliantly. Indeed, the whole work is brilliant; but it is also, in great stretches, a bore. The translation by Alexander Bakshy is spirited and skilful.

Coronado's Children. By J. Frank Dobie. Dallas: Southwest Press. $3.

"Coronado's Children" is fine for a swashbuckling imagination. Spanish gold, pirates, bandits, Indians, cutthroats, gringos, and Mexicanos—all moving in pageant-like glory, resurrected out of a glamorous four centuries of our Western history—these are the theme. The motive is the gold fever, from the tales of Cibola on down to express-train hold-ups, and in particular the search, still going on, for the cached treasures of desperate men who buried their plunder and never came to reclaim it—jack-loads, pay chests, loot, nuggets, millions, imaginings. The dramatic center is Texas (as it should be), but the margins are from Missouri to California, and north to the Kansas line. The stories are drawn from verifiable traditions; they are genuine local lore, with sources given; and while the author has given them an engaging telling, more or less journalistic, the flavor of soil and society is but a part of their justification. This flavor is very real. Here we have a genuine collection of an American, western American folklore, which had not been reduced to form, and which cannot be allowed to escape us. The book's full title is "Coronado's Children: Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of the Southwest." Mr. Dobie has done a good job of it, and there are excellent illustrations by Ben Carlton Mead, the best being the treasure map that lines the binding and adorns the jacket. Not least interesting is the fact that this well-made volume is published locally in Dallas, Texas.

Religion on the American Frontier. The Baptists. Edited by William Warren Sweet. With a General Introduction by Shirley Jackson Case. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

Attic junk frequently becomes priceless. Though casual readers may think this collection of documents from the Midwestern frontier is valuable only to the religious antiquarian

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or the professional historian, any serious observer of American life must discover in its pages an authenticity and freshness which no amount of second-hand history can supply. These autobiographies of itinerant preachers, these church letters, records, and minutes introduce the reader directly into a rough and free environment and make real to him what otherwise might seem incredible. Professor Sweet and his associates with this volume have initiated a series which will be a monumental achievement in American history. Both layman and scholar can now have access to materials which have hitherto practically been sealed. The brief chapters of the introduction give us an admirable historical framework which serves to make the source materials more intelligible and more significant.

Wall Street and Lombard Street. By Francis W. Hirst. The Macmillan Company. $2.

This is a detailed and highly competent description of the collapse of the New York stock market, by the former editor of the London *Economist,* who was in this country during the most dramatic phase of the break in October and November, 1929. There is an account of the international crisis which followed and suggestions for remedies. Mr. Hirst believes that the world depression was precipitated by the Wall Street break, and presents a more than plausible analysis to support this conclusion. His suggestions for remedies, however, seem somewhat unrelated to his original diagnosis. They include: cancelation or a very sharp reduction by the United States of the war debts owing to it, reduction of the American tariff, and a reversal of America's alleged policy of "hoarding" gold. The tendency of the book—and of the widespread European view that it reflects—to centralize the blame for the depression in the United States and to look to us for all the chief remedies does not seem a very healthy one. Surely it is time that British financial writers recognized that our accumulation of gold is the result of deeper world causes than our "currency and credit" policy. Mr. Hirst, moreover, would have done better to throw his emphasis on the need of a *general* reduction of tariffs.

Green River: A Poem for Rafinesque. By James Whaler. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

James Whaler's "Green River" is one of the most interesting of recent narrative poems. Here is the history of the great but almost forgotten naturalist who came to America from Italy, fleeing unhappiness, and who found here at last the great cave of Green River. The story is dramatically told in dialogue, the poet thus avoiding dull expository passages; the emotional interest is kept at high pitch, and the character is very well drawn. The symbolic use of the Proserpine myth to indicate first Rafinesque's love of nature in the sunlight and then his rediscovery of her wonder in the underworld, the cave, shapes the whole poem into a greater significance. The verse form is a rather free use of the couplet which allows the emotion of the dialogue to take its own rhythms. Whaler, in his selection of detail and his handling of language and of character, shows definite poetic ability. This is his second book; his first was "Hale's Pond."

Wit and Wisdom of Morocco. A Study of Native Proverbs. By Edward Westermarck. Horace Liveright. $5.

This volume completes Dr. Westermarck's trilogy on the customs and ideas of the Moors, the previous two volumes having been "Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco" and "Ritual and Belief in Morocco." Dr. Westermarck here supplies the Arabic text and the English translation of 2,013 proverbs with commentary. The long, pithy introduction is the most valuable part of the book, however, the proverbs rarely being as interesting or in the translation as aptly put as analogous European proverbs.

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"A secret gate into the wonderland of childhood."
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TROTT AND HIS LITTLE SISTER

by ANDRÉ LICHTENBERGER

Introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Thousands of readers in every country in Europe have taken Trott to their hearts, critics have hailed it as a classic of childhood, psychologists have recognized it as one of the most useful guides to parents in child training and understanding. It is published now for the first time in English. "An exceedingly valuable piece of work done with the charm of the French writer and the insight of the psychologist."—H. A. Overstreet. "The priceless feeling of childhood is there in great depth of charm and amusement."—Laurence Stallings, *The Sun.* $2.50.

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Films

The German Invasion

FIVE or six years ago the German films were the great sensation. They demonstrated to the general public that films could be made with intelligence and imagination, that there was such a thing as the art of the film. Although the lesson of this demonstration was clear to all who cared to see it, the hopes for a renascence of the film in Germany and under the German stimulus in Hollywood were doomed to an early disappointment. The Germans in Germany and the Germans in Hollywood, succumbing to the same system of commercial mass output, lowered their standards to suit the big public almost as quickly as they had sent them rocketing to the heights of "The Last Laugh" when their main concern had been to express themselves with the utmost power of conviction. To complete their downfall the Russians displaced them from their leadership, and the talkies delivered the coup de grace by disorganizing their production and introducing a new technique.

Thus, for a couple of years we heard very little about German films. Then one German talkie after another found its way into the smaller movie houses of New York, and today, if we glance at the list of films current in this city, the number of German films on it is likely to give us quite a surprise. This week, for example, out of the twenty-one first-run films shown in New York, fifteen are American films and six are German. That does not mean, of course, that a third of the movie audiences of New York patronize German movies. Probably the entire daily audience of the six little theaters exhibiting the German films does not reach a quarter of the number visiting the Roxy alone. The significant fact is not the number of people who go to see the German films, but the emergence of the German work by the side of the American and the apparent eagerness with which it is sought by the so-called little theaters.

In the face of such an unmistakable revival of interest in the product of the German and Austrian studios—an interest that is only partly accounted for by the presence of a large German-speaking public in this city—it is worth inquiring into the quality of this product. Do these new German talkies contain a message or even a promise of an art essentially different from the banalities of Hollywood? Do they suggest a new understanding of the use of sound and dialogue on the screen? Do they place the Germans again in the van of cinematic progress? Without attempting any hasty generalizations and speaking only on the basis of what has been seen in New York, the answers to these three questions must all be no. A brief review of the German films shown this week—and they are fully representative of other weeks—supplies the reason for this unfavorable, though provisional, verdict.

The film that more than any other is responsible for the present German invasion is the famous "Zwei Herzen im ¾ Takt" (Europa), famous because of its continuous run now entering upon its eighth month, which is an unprecedented figure for any foreign film. What, it may be asked, is the reason for this extraordinary success? Despite some authoritative opinions to the contrary, I am convinced that the reason is not so much in the picture as in the New York audience. There is a marked reaction in certain sections of the public against the jazz tempo of our life, and a nostalgia for the quieter, more romantic moods. Moreover, the public and the critics have, happily, forgotten what a good waltz is, which makes them ready to acclaim as a masterpiece anything that reminds them of the old days. If we add to this that "Zwei Herzen," besides being tuneful and romantic, is also as entertaining as any Hollywood comedy, the success of this ordinary, if well-made, film will contain no further mystery, particularly if the inertia of success is also taken into account.

To take another film that has had a fairly good run, "Wien, Du Stadt der Lieder" (Little Carnegie), one again finds a musical comedy of the stage type made more authentic and entertaining by an old-world setting. "Skandal um Eva" (Eighth Street) is another old-world comedy, with all the music, romance, and oddity of manner that go with it. Though probably the best of the German pictures here reviewed, it is rather slow and deliberate in movement, and certainly does not come up to the artistic standard set by the German silent pictures. By appropriate contrast, "Das Mädel von der Reeperbahn" (Fifth Avenue), acclaimed as a masterpiece, suggests the pitfalls that brought about the downfall of the German films. It is the familiar pseudo-profundity of treatment that makes this picture, with its completely trivial theme, so pretentiously inflated and unconvincing. I only have to mention the perfectly stagy farce "Lumpenball" (Cameo), not particularly funny and rather crude in performance, to confirm the already suggested conclusion that so far the German producers have shown us very little that is valuable in itself or significant of future developments.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

The Color Line

IT would be hard to imagine a directer and clearer statement of the fact that prejudice against color exists in the South than is made by DuBose Heyward in "Brass Ankle" (Masque Forty-fifth Street Theater). Mr. Heyward has invented a story, or perhaps used one that he has heard, for no other purpose than to put this fact outside the circle of things that can be doubted. Whatever else the play means, it means that the prejudice in question is something to be taken seriously—or, failing that, something that is as a matter of record taken very seriously by those who possess it at all. More than one moral may be derived from the spectacle presented; patrons of the play may go away with a variety of opinions as to what ought or ought not to be done about the "situation"; but none of them will forget what he saw in the theater.

He will have seen a young South Carolinian and his wife, both of them to all appearances white, happy in a house which contains one child (played by the whitest child actor, apparently, who could be found in North America) and is soon to contain another. The story is of how while the father, Larry Leamer, waits for his son to be born, he leads the agitation in the town against a family of whites who have suddenly turned out to be tainted with Negro blood. Much is made of this agitation, and of Larry's blind loathing for black blood generally—no matter, either, in how little amount. Much is made, because that is what gives point to Larry's unspeakable horror when the doctor announces to him that his son "shows traces," and explains to him that the mother, though she never knew it until now, comes from a family of Brass Ankles—people neither black nor white who live in strangely isolated communities and have a special, only semi-recognized status. There is so little of the Negro in Ruth Leamer, the doctor says, that her child's color amounts almost to a miracle of nature. But there it is, and Larry must decide what he shall do about it.

What he does, or rather what Ruth does when after two acts she is made to realize how her husband's mind and life have been blasted, is the contribution of the play. Larry loves Ruth. That is still clear. But Ruth is able to decide that he

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will be better off without her than with the knowledge that she and her two children—for the first one now comes in for retroactive contamination—belong to the despised race. So she calls in the neighbors and in their presence, as well as in the presence of the doctor, who significantly says nothing, tells Larry that she is not tainted after all in the way he thinks. She is tainted in another way; she has borne an illegitimate child, and a Negro was its father. This lie clears the older child and so clears the mind of Larry, who now knows what to do. He chases his beloved wife out of the room with a double-barreled shotgun and performs two executions, one on her and one on the son she holds at her breast. Larry now will have to go on living with the conviction that his wife was vicious and with the memory that he had killed her in a particularly bloody fashion. But this will be better, it seems, than the consciousness that one small drop of a certain kind of blood still runs in his family.

"Brass Ankle" would seem by this report to be a shocking play, and it is. Evidently it has not tried to be anything else—for instance, tragedy. Tragedy is never harrowing in the way "Brass Ankle" is harrowing, and the reason is that its heroes are great and complicated individuals whose ruin is impressive even while it is terrible. Larry is so barely, so nakedly a representative of his section and class, so thinly drawn for a specific purpose, that he fails to be other than a fearful case with a painful history. He was played very efficiently toward this end by Ben Smith, who with Alice Brady as Ruth conducted the piece to its conclusion. Miss Brady, powerful and vivid as usual, gave, as usual, one of the best performances of the year. Lester Lonergan as the kind country doctor was likewise admirable. Indeed, the entire performance was nicely sharpened to show the purpose of the play. What the purpose was, or what the result is, might remain a question. I can imagine an outsider saying: "If this is the way you feel in the South, then something has to be done about it." I can also imagine a Southerner saying: "This, sir, *is* the way some of us feel. And since we *do* feel this way, what *can* be done about it?"

"The Bellamy Trial" has been made into a better-than-average murder play by Frances Noyes Hart and Frank E. Carstarphen (Forty-eighth Street Theater). The whole thing takes place in court, and the mystery, which is mild but real, is largely the mystery of what goes on in witness boxes.

MARK VAN DOREN

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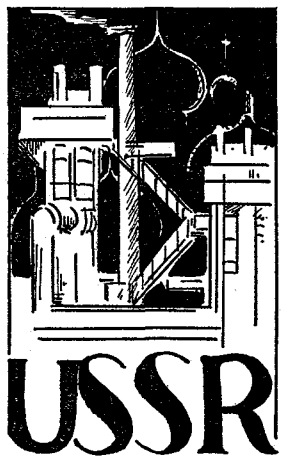

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Spain Wins Freedom

By DEVERE ALLEN

Madrid, April 16

IT is April 16 and the people of Madrid are going about their business as if nothing had happened. The order is perfect; anyone reaching the city today would never know that matters had been different for a feverish five days. But out on the squares the white-helmeted traffic cops wear red bands around their sleeves, something no man could have done in this city six days ago and stay out of jail or keep his skull intact. On faces everywhere there is an air of satisfaction. This is a happy town. And it is happy because the people of Spain have won something most of them desperately craved, and won it by magnificent self-control and revolutionary discipline.

On Friday, April 10, I arrived in Madrid. There was, all over the city, an air of tension and uncertainty. The royalists were afraid, though not going so far as to believe themselves seriously menaced by the voting—a lot of agitation, possibly, but it was only rubbish to think the Spanish people wanted to shelve the monarchy. Business groups, foreign and Spanish, were afraid, because they knew that at any moment widespread violence might break out, upsetting the normal life of trade for an incalculable period. The student and working-class youth were afraid, and rightly, of the police swords and guns, which nevertheless, by demonstration, they had determined to defy. And the Republican leaders were afraid that their cause and their strategy, carefully prepared, might be demolished by unruly elements.

All Friday afternoon bands of labor, Socialist, and Republican youths scamper about the city distributing red handbills and white fliers, calling upon the students, the workers, the elders, to throw away old fears and hesitations, take faith in their own ability and power, and at the polls strike a great victorious blow for freedom. The sins of the monarchy are repeated in fulsome rhetoric, but less against Alfonso or any specific policy is this barrage of argument directed than against monarchy as an institution. When a group of these youths descend on a street with their "literature" they take three swift looks at the nearest policeman or carabineer or civil guard, and proceed to weave their way like lightning through the crowd that invariably gathers. The people want this stuff. They seize it hungrily, go off reading it, stand and debate in clamorous forums of two and three. The cafes are alive with people, alert, interested, talking, talking, talking. And out in the Puerta del Sol, Madrid's huge central open space, are police. Police on horseback, on foot, at the steps of the Gobernacion, or administration building, at the corners, up the side streets, in front of statues and all public places.

The weather is campaigning weather. We have had only mild air and sunshine for a week. Saturday, when the sun is still low in the east and the first workers are clattering to their jobs—for nobody ever walks, talks, rides, drives, or runs a tramcar quietly in Madrid—the campaign organizers are at work. In the morning it is much the same as on the preceding afternoon. But soon there comes a change. Somehow, around three o'clock, the masses of people always present in the Puerta have become a crowd—a milling, jostling multitude. If anything ever breaks in Madrid, it is sure to break at the Puerta del Sol. The police are even more numerous than before. To the outlying districts are sent the civil guard; they carry rifles and wear green uniforms, with hats nobody could describe but which perhaps look most like a cap that grew into a sofa pillow at the rear and was hit by a stuffed club and knocked flat. Other troops are on reserve in the Gobernacion building.

Suddenly, from down one of the ten side streets that empty into the mammoth rectangle of the Puerta, comes a raucous shouting. The automobiles pouring into this thoroughfare, which leads in the direction of the royal palace, are blocked. They pile up far out into the square. Fifty feet down the street I can see what is happening. Several youths hold armfuls of red stickers fifteen inches long, while others rub sponges across the gummed backs of the stickers and slap them against the cars. When a car is covered with three or four labels it is allowed to pass. Not till then; and inside some of the cars expensively dressed gentlemen grip their canes tightly, their mouths set in thin lines across white faces. By the time the police have shouldered their way into the mob and dispersed the youths, a half-hundred automobiles are on their way through other streets crying out in red: "Viva la República!" Promptly, as if by a mysterious wizardry, the horde of youths evaporates—but in ten minutes the same scene is repeated four streets away.

As the afternoon wears on, many more cars blossom forth with stickers. From up the side streets come groups of youths marching abreast, carrying red flags or crying revolutionary songs. And now, alas, hoodlumism has added its own excuse to the policemen's orders. These squads of youngsters from fourteen to twenty-one years old are broken up at once. If they do not give way to threats they have to run furiously into alleys and duck into friendly stores, for the mounted police with drawn swords rush down upon them. Now and then a rock comes hurtling out of nowhere and lands near a policeman, though most of the missiles sail wide of the mark. Once, when a horse is struck and a mounted officer is nearly upset, he draws his revolver and gallops into every available alley; even two soldiers walking harmlessly toward the melee look up, stand paralyzed for a second, and dash into a church. Nobody knows what will happen next; when a car backfires, fifty people jump.

Yet the people stay. More keep on coming. Every street, as far as you can see, disgorges people who want to get on to the Puerta del Sol. These are allowed to filter through, a few at a time. But the students are not allowed to demonstrate. By eight o'clock the students have become only a small percentage of the rioting youths; every last youngster in search of adventure and a chance to be a hero is out to bait the cops. Periodically the rushes continue. Policemen, many of them already anti-monarchists in their hearts but bent on carrying out orders, are touched in a

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ticklish spot when in front of thousands of people they are jeered at and called prostitutes. Ugliness begins to creep into the conflict, and cracked heads are on the increase.

By late evening it has settled down into a determined battle. The students and hooligans and demonstrators are bound to get to the front of the Gobernacion building. The police won't let them if they can help it. Three of us, with more zest than discretion, convince the *jefe,* or chief of the police forces, that we are writers; he had never read a word that we had written and so was prepared to believe it. Although we were shoved around at times by nervous officers, and ordered a dozen times in vivid Castilian to get out of this privileged box seat, friend *jefe* intervened to give us an unobstructed view. But what we saw was not exactly reassuring. Judging by the signs, hell was going to be let loose.

On Sunday the twelfth I walked about Madrid for nearly thirteen hours. In the morning I went through almost every accessible section of the city. There was no violence; order was kept at the polls; not only were the official police out to prevent disturbances, but representatives of the Republicans and Socialists were on hand for the same purpose. These latter had another purpose also. It is well known that votes have been habitually counted out by the reactionary groups in Spanish politics. This, plus the local boss and the use of money to buy votes wholesale, used to be effective. It was not effective now. The bosses were watched; I am told by astonished Republicans that in several places all over Spain where votes have always been for sale, they could not be bought for a hundred pesetas, ten times the usual price; and to insure correct counting, 2,000 watchers in Madrid alone stood at the polls and checked off their men as they went in to ballot. In many districts the voting, which legally closed at four, was all over by ten-thirty. I doubt if there was ever a finer job of organizing votes.

Late Sunday afternoon, as the results begin to trickle in, fear seizes the police still deeper. Their tormentors, feeling with every bulletin the rising of the anti-government tide, make up their minds that this time they will break through. It is a grim time for a while; many are the backs bruised from truncheons, and right into the middle of the mob the police, blinded with rage, swing swords and cut their way through to arrest such culprits as they can. The red flag appears in the streets, and groups begin to sing the "Marseillaise" and revolutionary songs of the Spanish workers. One, apparently concocted for the occasion, roars vociferously "Alfonso, Alfonso, Alfonso, you must go!" A policeman, enraged at something someone has done from inside the refuge of a tramcar, plunges his sword through the glass of a window and jabs and flays about, with no mortal results it seems. A young man of twenty-five whose head is bound up and who wears a red badge on his coat is paraded past the doorway of the Gobernacion headquarters as a rebuke to the police. He gets ten feet past, when he and his companions are efficiently collected and taken inside.

Meantime, the results of the polls continue to pile up. They are indeed amazing. It became perfectly obvious by Sunday evening that a grave decision rested with Alfonso and his Cabinet. All that night jubilant Republicans were demonstrating their exultation in the streets, and there was apparent a lessening of the tension. Monday, Madrid had the most foolish-looking police force one could well imagine. They were caught between two masters. They were hesi-

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tant. They used no force this day, but rode and walked around, joked quietly by the crowds and grinning sheepishly back. By afternoon, whenever they appeared in impressive numbers, they were greeted by handclapping and cries of "Long live the Republican guards." That evening Alcalá Zamora, Republican leader who was still in prison a few weeks ago for his part in planning the December revolt, received a telegram from Barcelona addressed to "Zamora, President of the Provisional Republican Government, Madrid." It was from the chief of the anti-monarchist forces in Barcelona. In the evening there were further demonstrations, and one worried and angered official gave an indiscreet order; down on the Paseo, the promenade of the town, a group headed for Zamora's house was stopped, sharp words were exchanged, and several Republicans were soon lying in the street, wounded badly by police bullets. It was shortly after this that Zamora, a man with no authority but with virtual control of the situation, held a conference with the heads of the guards and police and demanded that they allow the people freedom to demonstrate, arguing that this way would be safest.

Tuesday morning the contrast was breath-taking. The people had possession of the Puerta del Sol; but police, civil guards, troops, business men, and workers all chatted amiably, and traffic went on. It was a city of order, despite the expectancy in the air. The Cabinet, following a long consultation the previous night, told Alfonso frankly that in the face of the returns they could not hold power any longer.

All that afternoon, throughout the cities of Spain, the republic was proclaimed and peaceable possession taken of the government buildings. In mid-afternoon, when a Republican flag was run up on the government headquarters in the Puerta del Sol, a policeman in front of the building turned dramatically and kissed the new Republican flag of red, yellow, and purple. An official leaned out of a high window, signaling that he, too, wanted a flag; and in a moment a daring human fly scaled up the straight front of the building and put a flag in his hands. Red armbands appeared on the arms of soldiers; flags came from everywhere, some of them hastily improvised, with the colors in all possible orders; badges of the new colors were being sold on the streets. Here was a danger-point. There was reason for apprehension. A mob of young enthusiasts rushed to the Plaza Isobel near the palace and pulled down a statue of Queen Isobel II, breaking off the head and wantonly defacing all but the pedestal. The name "Plaza Isobel" was immediately torn from the wall of the corner building, and "Plaza de Galán and Hernandez" tacked up in the form of a cardboard square. The Plaza Orient soon became the Plaza de la Republica. Wondering what might happen in other places, we found at the Plaza Mayor a gang of irresponsibles in the act of tearing down a really fine equestrian statue of Philip III, pounding with iron bars at the inscription, inoffensive enough of itself. Was this going to be the signal for a general outburst of unrestrained vandalism ending in bloodshed? True, the subways were running; the post office was open; trains were coming and going on time; the radical leaders had asked the employees on public conveyances and works to stay calmly at their posts. But where were the leaders now?

The leaders, 250 of them, although we did not know it at the time and it has not been published in the press over here, were camping for the night in the palace. Alfonso, early in the evening, had decided to depart; at half-past eight he was gone. And the Republican and Socialist leaders had determined above all else to prove their ability to govern the masses and prevent that "anarchy" which has been for years the helpful slogan of the monarchists to hold their supporters in line. It was enough to make one's faith in human capacity rise high in the glass to see a thin line of policemen around the palace, without force and only by advice and pleas, keeping back the thousands that swarmed around the neighborhood. Never before, I venture to think, was there a revolution such as this.

On Wednesday the provisional government had already taken power and declared a day of festival. Everything was closed that could be closed, while essential services, even to the washing of the streets, went on unchecked. Procession after procession marched all over the city from early morning until dawn of Thursday. How they kept it up, I cannot say. The trade unions had their banners and insignia; the youth groups and students' and women's organizations were all out en masse. Trucks roared through the town, tramcars contained hundreds of free riders on the roofs. Cafes remained open most of the day, but there was almost no drunkenness. This country was drunk on a very different wine. Great pictures of Galán and Garcia were carried around, and men and women kissed them repeatedly. Colors, music, the "Marseillaise," cheers, "Viva la República," more "Marseillaise," dogs dressed in flaming red blankets, children with red jackets, men with red suits, youths performing mass around an impromptu bier for Alfonso, a dozen imitation kings hastening nowhere very fast with suitcases in hand. The revolution, incredibly peaceful, had been won.

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